THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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MONSIGNOR CONATY.

Formally Invested With the Purple Robes of His High Office, as Domestic Prelate to His Holiness the Pope, at the Catholic University.

Significant Address of the Right-Reverend Rector in Reply to the Papal Message Conferring the Dignity—Relations of Religion and Science.

Right Rev. Mgr. T. J. Conaty, D. D., rector of the Catholic University, was invested with the purple robes of his office as domestic prelate to his holiness Pope Leo XIII., Thursday of last week in the chapel of Divinity hall in the presence of a distinguished throng. Nearly all the directors of the university, who had come to Washington to attend their annual meeting, were present.

The papal brief conferring the title of Monsignor was read by the Very Reverend Vice Rector. It was as follows:

To Our Beloved Son, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, Leo XIII., Pope.—Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction: We have learned through the pressing recommendation of our beloved son, James Gibbons, Cardinal of the Holy Roman church, that you are a man conspicuous for learning, piety and faith, and that your excellent qualities of mind and heart have won for you the esteem and praise of good and wise men. We have heard also that in the administration of your exalted office you have rendered good service to the cause of the liberal Christian education of youth. We deem you worthy, therefore, of a signal pledge of our favor and good will. For this purpose, and this only, we absolve you from all excommunications, interdicts and other ecclesiastical sentences, censures and punishments, if perchance you have incurred any, and by these letters of our authority, choose, make and declare you a Roman prelate of the pontifical household. We bestow upon you, beloved son, the right to wear the purple, to the Rochet or sleeved linen surplice, even in the Roman Curia, as well as to all other privileges, prerogatives, and indulgences usually granted to the distinguished bearers of this honorable title.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's ring, the 2d day of June, 1897, in the twelfth year of our Pontificate.

ALOYSIUS CARD. MACCHI.

The robes were then presented to Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Conaty retiring to a side room in the meantime. Mgr. Conaty then made his profession of faith, which was received by Cardinal Gibbons.

At the conclusion of this Mgr. Conaty turned to to the assembly and spoke as follows:

"This occasion, honored by so many of the distinguished prelates of the church in our country, has a meaning and a solemnity for me deeper than words of mine can express. The extreme kindness of our Holy Father in calling me to the dignity of a prelate of his household touches me more than I can say, and calls for the strongest expression of my deep thankfulness and heartfelt gratitude.

"I recognize fully that this honor comes to the university, whose rector has been so signally favored, and is but another mark of the Holy Father's loving care and deep interest in this institution, the success of which he cherishes so earnestly. Trustees, professors, students, friends, all unite with me on this day in returning him thanks for the dignity conferred on the rector, and we pray God to bless the church for many years to come with the usefulness, learning and piety of so illustrious a pontiff. We ask his well beloved representative among us, Archbishop Martinelli, to kindly bear to the Holy Father this expression of our love and gratitude, which we send to him on this feast day of joy and happiness, from the midst of these representatives of the church in the United States.

"This university, which owes its existence to his fatherly interest in the welfare of the church in America, has ever been and is loyal to him, ever recognizing that when he speaks Peter speaks, and when Peter speaks it is Christ who speaks through him. It recognizes the sovereign pontiff as the great center of all our authority in religion, the one source of all Christian unity. He is our father and we are his children. He is our teacher and our guide and we follow him. Whither he leads is salvation, what he teaches is truth. As the successor of St. Peter he has the solicitude of all the churches, he is the supreme pastor of the flock of Christ. His teaching is the form of instruction, to university as well as to private belief. Our university exists for the truth as revealed to us by the church, which alone can protect us from error in the search after the truth, as it lies hidden behind the veil of nature. On the mountain top of knowledge it stands, gathering its illumination from the God who is its light, a beacon light to all knowledge, a protecting force from error in all research, forming and shaping the Christian scientist, who will save science from its enemies by building it upon the saving principles of sound philosophy and correct theology. It stands before all men that all men may hear its voice, that all men may see its works.

"The master work of the church in our age, in this country, is the creation and development of our Catholic University. It aims to place and hold Christ as the keystone of the arch of knowledge, to restore Him to His kingdom, and to renew all things in Him. Instaurare omnia in Christo. It is founded to develop sanctity and science, to develop both in men, who, in the fields of mental endeavor, in the church, in the state, in the professions, in private and public life, will scatter among men the good odor of Jesus Christ. The university aims to develop manly Christian scientists, under the inspiration of the union established by God in creation that all things lead to God; that religious and physical truths are but different forms of the one great truth of God; that though one come by revelation and the other by experiment, both come from the same author, who is no other than the great God Himself.

"This university stands in religion to assert that no truth in religion can militate against true science. It stands in science to assert and prove that no truth in science can be antagonistic to religion. It proclaims that there are two orders of truth—one in the domain of reason, the other in the domain of faith—both proceeding from the same principle, from that true light which illumines every man which comes into the world.' It depends for its light upon the spirit of God, who speaks to man, both by the visible world in which they live, and by the faith in which they receive it from God. Under its vivifying action every creature speaks to man of the power and goodness of God. Through the influence of faith supernatural light comes to the aid of reason and enables the intellect to see every truth more clearly.

"The university as the highest expression of effort for human knowledge looks to Christ as the teacher alone capable of revealing the fulness of God's power, and it feels the strength of the words of Tertullian that 'Christ is the solution of every difficulty.' No teacher whom the world has known has ever impressed this principle on this age more forcibly than Leo XIII. in his efforts for higher education. His entire pontificate is full of action in the direction of broader and wider opportunities for the higher and more Christian education of clergy and laity. How proudly we follow such a leader, who is not only a king in intellect, but also our friend and father. In following him we stand for religion and for science, maintaining the union and fellowship of both, and denying all divergence and opposition between them. To attain that end is the purpose in life of the university. To reach the ideals which he has set before it is its ambition. Under the inspiration of the illustrious St. Thomas Aquinas, the model and patron of our studies, with God as our light, the university today, as in days past, pledges itself to work assiduously for the glory of God, of the church, of our country and of truth.

"Placed here, in the capital of our nation, at the very heart of our political life, the university is before the American people as the strongest expression of the Christian principles in education, shaping and forming the manly character for true citizenship. The eyes of the country are upon us. The hopes of men struggling for the truth lead them to look to us for guidance out of the maze of uncertainty and unbelief. We have a magnificent opportunity; we have corresponding responsibilities. True to the holy see, under the guidance of the Church of Christ, we have no fear for the future, we have no doubt as to the results. Our acts will attest our faith. By united action we will be enabled to make this university what the Holy Father desires, a leader and not a follower, in the great work of religion and science, forming strong Christian characters, sending out learned priests and scholarly laymen, thus bringing glory to the church in this great republic so dear to the heart of Leo XIII., adding lustre to the pontificate of the Pope, whose name has stamped itself upon our age as a brilliant leader of intellect and heart, the patron of arts, and the foremost scholar of Christendom."

At the conclusion of Mgr. Conaty's address he delivered the solemn benediction of the blessed sacrament. The priests and choir then sang the "Te Deum" in full. After the ceremonies the students adjourned to the assembly hall of McMahon hall, where they were addressed by Archbishop Keane. He was introduced by Mr. Fox, President of the University club. He spoke at some length of the good work of the University club, which has been extended from the divinity college to all the departments of the university. He also dwelt on the relations of synthesis and analysis, both of which were essential to work along the lines of the university.

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The Board of Directors met Wednesday, Oct. 20, and concluded their business on Thursday afternoon. The reports from the different committees were received and acted upon. The first report was from the Committee on Finance, who reported a satisfactory condition of the finances of the institution and the careful investment of the funds. During the year the $50,000 of the A. O. H. endowment, $150,000 of the O'Brien bequest, and $5,000 by the will of the Rev. J. J. Doherty, of Honesdale, Pa., were reported as gifts received. This is independent of the different funds through which contributions are received. It was reported that with the favorable sale of the Long Branch property there would remain a very small indebtedness against the institution, which has over a million dollars invested in its properties and $800,000 in trust funds. The Right-Reverend Rector was empowered to visit various dioceses to encourage the work of the University and to make such appeals for university development as may be judged wise and prudent in conjunction with diocesan authorities.

The desire of erecting a residence for the Rector within the university grounds was also recognized, and the power to act was given to the Executive Committee. This committee was authorized to secure such modifications in the charter as may be necessary.

The Committee on Organization reported favorably upon the conditions under which seminaries might be affiliated with the Faculty of Theology of the University, and a conference of the Rector with the presidents of the seminaries was recommended. The Board accepted the report upon the relations of the University with the Sulpitian Fathers, and adopted the plan proposed. The Divinity College, both as to the spiritual direction of the students and the domestic economy, is henceforth to be in the hands of the Sulpitian Fathers, subject to the general constitutions. The free scholarship which had been offered to Catholic colleges for the purpose of encouraging good relations between the colleges and the University were approved by the Board.

The Committee on Studies reported their approval of the course of studies, and expressed their gratification at the present condition of work and discipline in the University.

The Board was notified that Mgr. Schroeder intended to send his resignation during his last stay in Germany; that he did not do so on account of an advice received from the Holy Father. The Board, therefore, leaves the final decision to the Holy Father himself, and expressed its regret over the many charges made about Mgr. Schroeder in this connection.

HYMENEAL.

DUNNE–HIGGINS.

The wedding of Miss Alice Teresa Higgins and Mr. Michael D. Dunne took place Wednesday morning of last week at All Saints' church. The groom is manager of the Clifton house, while the bride is well known and popular in South side circles. The bridal party at the chancel rail was met by the groom, attended by Mr. James Naghten. Attendant on the bride were the Misses Charlotte and Anna Higgins, acting as flower girls, the former in yellow organdie, bearing white roses, and the latter in violet and carrying the ring, and Miss Margaret Higgins and Agnes Dunne as bridesmaids, the former in white nainsook over Nile-green taffeta; the latter in white organdie, over pink silk. Miss Marie Higgins acted as maid of honor. She was dressed in pale blue organdie over blue silk. The bride was veiled, her dress of heavy cream duchesse satin, trimmed with mousseline de soie, lace and pearls. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley. The ceremony was performed and the nuptial mass celebrated by the Rev. P. W. Dunne of Joliet, Ill., a brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. John Dunne, deacon, and Rev. Richard Dunne, subdeacon and Rev. J. C. Gilian, master of ceremonies. The altar and sanctuary were decorated with dark green palms and roses, forming a background for the silver candelabra, and lights. After the mass the guests were entertained at the home of the bride's parents, 2501 Wallace street. After luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Dunne left for the East. On their return they will issue "at home" cards to their friends.

LYDEN–KEELEY.

The marriage of Miss Clara Keeley and William A. Lyden took place at St. James' church Thursday, Oct. 28, at 9 a. m. A reception followed at the home of the bride, 2829 Prairie avenue.

CASSERLY–CUDAHY.

Miss Cecilia Cudahy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cudahy of Michigan avenue, became the bride of Mr. John Casserly of San Francisco last Wednesday. The wedding was attended by about 600 guests, many of whom came from out of town. The reception which followed was attended only by the relatives.

CAVANAGH–COLEMAN.

Miss Agnes Coleman was married to Mr. Charles T. Cavanagh, Wednesday morning of last week, at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Rev. P. J. Muldoon officiating. The only attendant was Miss Mildred Cavanagh. After the ceremony breakfast was served at the home of the groom's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh will be at home at 429 North State street after Dec. 1.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

THE PARNELL PEDIGREE.

How the Family First Took Root in Ireland, Emigrating from Cheshire in the Early Part of the Reign of Charles II., on Account of Their Cromwellian Leanings.

Thomas Parnell the Poet—How the Race Became, Generation After Generation, "More Irish than the Irish," Until Their Patriotic Feeling Culminated in the Career of the Late Great Leader—Parnell's Maternal Ancestors.

Charles Stewart Parnell had more Saxon than Celtic blood in his veins. His ancestors were Cheshire men, who came over to Ireland soon after the Restoration, no doubt anxious to live in a more peaceful atmosphere than England presented to those who had actively sympathized with the Parliamentarian cause. The Parnells were men of substance, for when Thomas was born, about 1679, they had a town house in Dublin as well as an estate in the Queen's County. Thomas won no inconsiderable fame as a poet, securing even the hearty appreciation of Dr. Johnson. He was a friend of Swift and of Pope, whom he is believed to have helped in his translation of Homer. Dr. Parnell was ordained in 1700, and five years later was appointed to the archdeaconry of Clogher, County Tyrone. Much as opinions may differ as to the merits of his verse, there is no doubt that Dr. Parnell amassed a considerable fortune, which he left to his younger and only brother, John, a barrister-at-law, and member of the Irish House of Commons, and subsequently a judge of the King's bench. His only son, John, who followed his father's profession, married Anne Ward, a daughter of the Hon. Michael Ward, of Castle Ward, County Down, a judge in the King's bench. Subsequently Sir John was appointed one of the commissioners for Leinster under the Tillage Act, and entered the Irish Parliament in 1756 as member from Maryborough. His son John was elected in 1778 member for Innistiogue, County Kilkenny, and was made a Commissioner of the revenue.

ANCESTRY AT THE UNION.

In 1788 Sir John Parnell succeeded Sir John Foster, who became Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, as Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer. He now represented the Queen's County, but was not a very pronounced politician until, after the Revolution of '98, the project of a legislative union with Great Britain assumed a definite shape. He was, it appears, dismissed from office on refusing to join in "the effacement and annihilation of the ancient Irish Parliament." But, nevertheless, he and his son Henry stood by Grattan to the last in his struggle against the Union, and formed two of the 115 who stood out against Lord Castlereagh's measure in January, 1800. Henry Parnell, who succeeded to his father's title and seat in the United Parliament, distinguished himself as a popular champion. He was, for instance, in favor of the abolition of the Corn Laws, short Parliaments, extension of the franchise, vote by ballot, and even the abolition of flogging in the army and navy. In the early years of the century, it is needless to add, these views were regarded as belonging to extreme Radicalism. But Sir Henry was too able a politician to be passed over because of his advanced views. It was at least in some measure due to his speech on the motion for a vote of censure that Wellington and Peel retired. He had, at any rate, won a claim to recognition. He entered Earl Grey's Administration as Secretary of War in 1832, though without a seat in the Cabinet. He was paymaster of the forces in the administration of Lord Melbourne, and in 1841 was raised to the peerage as Baron Congleton, a title which still exists. John Vesey Parnell, the second baron, succeeded his father in 1842, and on his death, without issue in 1883, was succeeded by his brother, Henry William Parnell, the present baron, who was born in 1809, and has served in the royal navy.

THE FAMILY SEAT.

Avondale was formerly the property of Samuel Hayes, an Irish barrister, who, dying without issue in 1796, left it to his "dear friend, Sir John Parnell." This property Sir John bequeathed to his younger son, William Parnell, J. P., D. L., who spent his life among his tenantry. But although he took no part in political life, a book which he wrote, "An Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics," shows the bent of his mind. Rebellions in Ireland, he affirmed, had originated not from religious hatred, but from resentment on account of misrule and tyranny. Sir Henry Parnell was about the same time engaged in a "History of the Penal Laws," a curious coincidence, which illustrates in a striking manner the political proclivities of the family. William Parnell died in 1821. His son, John Henry, married Miss Delia Stewart, the daughter of Admiral Stewart, of the American navy.

HIS MATERNAL ANCESTRY.

The mother of Mr. Parnell comes of an Ulster stock. The Stewarts migrated from Donegal, about 1778, to Philadelphia. The youngest son of the first settler, Charles Stewart, entered the United States navy, serving at the siege of Tripoli in 1804. After being blockaded during the Anglo-American war in Norfolk harbor, he had his revenge by capturing several British ships while in command of the frigate Constitution. During the war, too, Capt. Stewart saw plenty of service, and no doubt placed his country under deep obligations. His return home upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Ghent was made the occasion of a tremendous welcome. Every kind of public honor was bestowed on him. A triumphant procession at Boston; the freedom of the city, and the inevitable gold snuff box at New York; the thanks of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and a gold-hilted sword; the thanks of Congress, and a gold medal struck in his honor, were some of the honors showered on him. Admiral Stewart left two children, a son and a daughter, Delia.

BIRTH AND FAMILY.

Charles Stewart was the fourth son of John Henry and Delia Parnell. An anecdote of Mr. Parnell's childhood was published, some years since, on the authority of his mother, in an Irish newspaper. Charlie Parnell and his sister had each, it seems, a battalion of wooden soldiers, and a park of artillery in the shape of a pop-gun apiece. War having been declared, the young lady's soldiers went down swiftly before a tremendous fire opened by Charlie on her lines. Meanwhile the young gentleman's soldier's, though perpetually hit, declined to fall. The victory remained with him, and it was subsequently discovered that he had glued his men to the floor. Was it an earnest of his future tenacity of purpose? His mother has always been an ardent republican, and has never sought to hide her convictions. During the Fenian risings of 1866–67 she actively sympathized with the Fenian movement. She was living in Dublin at the time with three sons, including Charles Stewart, and several daughters, and it was in her house, it is said, that many of the Fenian leaders who were wanted found a secure hiding place until they could make good their escape to America. Mrs. Parnell was, at any rate, for some time "under observation." Charles Stewart was born at Avondale in June, 1846. But nearly the whole of his early life was passed in England. At 6 years of age he was sent to school at Yeovil. He moved thence to Kirk Langley, in Derbyshire, where he was under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Parton. He was for a time, too, a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Wishaw, an Oxfordshire clergyman. He went up to Cambridge like his father before him, but did not graduate, nor seriously attempt to take any university or other course of study.

THE BEGINNINGS OF HOME RULE.

It was in 1872, when Mr. Blennerhassett had won such a victory for Home Rule at Kerry, that Mr. Parnell seems to have first turned his attention to parliamentary life. Mr. Blennerhassett was, like himself, a Protestant and a landlord, and his triumph seems to have first suggested to Mr. Parnell the idea of once more attempting action "within the Constitution." At this juncture in the political history of Ireland the conception was in the nature of a forlorn hope.

At the dissolution of February, 1874, Mr. Parnell wished to stand for the county Wicklow, but being high sheriff at the time, and not being allowed to resign, he was disqualified. An opportunity, however, soon offered itself. Col. Taylor accepted the office of chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in Mr. Disraeli's administration, and it was decided to contest the seat—county Dublin. Mr. Parnell offered to fight the battle at his own expense, and was accepted as candidate. Not that there were not great misgivings as to the bona-fides of the young landlord. At this moment he was scarcely known outside Wicklow. Social ambition, it was feared, was the main motive of his desire to represent a constituency in parliament. But after an interview with John Martin and A. M. Sullivan, the latter undertook to propose his adoption at a meeting at the Rotunda. It is amusing now to read of this, Mr. Parnell's first appearance in public life. "The resolution," says Mr. Sullivan, "which I had moved in his favor having been adopted with acclamation, he came forward to address the assemblage. To our dismay he broke down utterly. He faltered, he paused, went on, got confused and pale, with intense but subdued nervous anxiety, causing every one to feel deep sympathy for him. The audience saw it all, and cheered him kindly and heartily, but many on the platform shook their heads, sagely prophesying that if ever he got to Westminster, no matter how long he stayed there, he would either be a 'silent member,' or be known as 'Single-speech Parnell.'"

In his first election address, after some allusion to his ancestors, he wrote: "I think I can promise with confidence that, as your representative, I will do nothing unworthy of them." The motto which was probably in his mind when he penned these words was that of his family—"Te digna sequere."

He was unsuccessful. But in the following year, on the death of Mr. John Martin, M. P. for Meath, Mr. Parnell was returned as his successor, though not without a severe contest. But his pluck in fighting Col. Taylor for Dublin county, his descent, and the vigorous Nationalist principles which he represented appealed to the men of Meath with such force that his success was no surprise to his opponent.

WINNING HIS SPURS.

It was, however, not till the session of 1876 that Mr. Parnell won his spurs in the house. It will be remembered that the Liberals and Conservatives had agreed to put forward twenty-one names for a grand committee, but omitted to name one of the seventy Home Rulers. To this the Irish party objected; and the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan moved that the number be increased to twenty-three, a proposition which was at once decisively rejected. Though there were not more than seven Home Rulers present, it was determined to fight the majority by every means allowable under the rules of the house. Consequently, as every name was proposed, a division was called for; and when it is remembered fifteen minutes at least must be consumed in every division, the exasperation of the English members may be more easily conceived than described. Division after division took place, amid many unparliamentary outpourings. After several divisions the Irishmen, with their few English allies, were requested to terminate such a useless struggle. Mr. Parnell said "that they had deliberately adopted this course, and would stick to it." Through the entire night the division bell rang again and again, and a moral victory was thus achieved by a mere handful of Irish representatives. This was but the beginning of Parnell's fight. We all remember his brilliant series of triumphs over British prejudice and British hate. We only too well remember the reward he met—desertion and death.—Irish Weekly Independent, Oct. 9.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH BAZAAR.

The bazaar and festival for the benefit of St. John's church, Eighteenth and Clark streets, will open on Nov. 10 in Freiberg's Opera House, 180 Twenty-second street, and continue for ten evenings. Entertainments of the most attractive kind have been arranged for each night. Each sodality and organization connected with the church will be given a special night at the bazaar, and it will be to the interest and credit of each to attract to the hall on their evening the largest attendance possible.

Men Foresters night will be Monday, Nov. 15. St. John's Court extends a cordial invitation to all the other courts of the C. O. F. in the city to be present on that evening, and the court having the largest representation present will be presented with a handsome ivory gavel. Visiting members wearing Forester badges will be admitted free. The Women Foresters night will be Wednesday, Nov. 17. St. John's Court, W. C. O. F., invites all the other courts in the city to join them in their festivities on that evening, and to the court having the largest membership present, a beautiful ivory gavel will be given. Members wearing Forester badges will be admitted to the hall free. Hibernian night will be Friday, Nov. 19, and Div. 14 extends a cordial invitation to all the other divisions in the city to be present, and the division sending the largest delegation will receive an elegant prize, the nature of which has not yet been determined. Members of visiting divisions will be admitted free by wearing the badge of the Order.

A number of interesting contests will take place during the bazaar. Besides the children's contest for a diamond ring, there will be a contest among the men for a gold-headed cane. The contestants are Mr. P. J. Buck, No. 2218 Dearborn street, the popular president of Div. 14, A. O. H., Mr. Joseph Williams, Wabash avenue and Eighteenth street, president of the Young Men's Sodality, and Mr. F. C. Seymour, No. 145 Twenty-third place, treasurer of the Married Men's Sodality. The popularity of these three gentlemen reaches out beyond St. John's parish, and each will receive good support from their many friends. A third contest, and one calculated to arouse unusual interest and involve a large number of people, is for a policeman's dress uniform, the order for which has been donated by Inspector Hartnett and Capt. Dollard. The proceeds of the bazaar will be devoted to repairs and improvements on St. John's church.

Catarrh in the Head, that troublesome and disgusting disease, may be entirely cured by a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Ralleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

LOOKS VERY LIKE WAR

Spain Readier to Fight a Losing Battle Than Permit Us to Interfere in Cuba.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT MADRID.

Much Depends on the Interpretation Put Upon Woodford's Note Which Would Be Considered an Ultimatum if Emanating from a European Power, the London Times Says—Belief in Spain That We Want Cuba Ourselves.

London, Oct. 26.—The Madrid correspondent of The Standard telegraphing yesterday says: "United States Minister Woodford received Spain's reply today. It is said to be a document of over thirty pages."

London, Oct. 26.—The Times, after remarking editorially this morning that "The real danger is that America will take some step to precipitate a crisis," says: "General Woodford's note, like other papers emanating from Washington, cannot be construed by the ordinary rules proper to diplomatic correspondence. This is fortunate, inasmuch as it contains expressions which if they came from a European chancellerie must be interpreted as menacing war. But it is unfortunate because it makes the meaning of the note ambiguous, that no clear intimation is given of the consequences of a refusal to acquiesce in the American demands. The note is extremely diffuse and abounds in expressions of friendship and good will toward Spain; but while it apologizes for the earnest and positive nature of the language used on the ground that it is desirable to prevent misunderstandings between two friendly nations that language, in fact, lacks the precision which is usually expected in documents of this kind.

Gives the Pith of Woodford's Note.

"There is the distinct statement that American interests are suffering, and that an attitude of neutrality cannot be prolonged indefinitely. There is mention of the concurrent resolution of the two houses of congress last year, of the recent resolution of the senate, and of agitation in the United States. There is an assurance that public opinion now demands the recognition of the insurgents as belligerents. In these circumstances it is suggested that the Spanish government should consider whether it is not time to terminate the war by proposals consistent with its dignity and with the interests of Cuba. To this end the government at Washington makes tender of its good offices and calls upon the Spanish government within the present month to formulate definite proposals by which that tender may be rendered effective, or to give satisfactory assurances that the war will be brought to a speedy end.

Prefers War to Surrender to Menace.

"Spain appears to prefer to lose Cuba in a war she foresees will be disastrous to her, rather than to surrender what she regards as just and right in deference to menace. It is a foolish choice, but the choice of a nation. On the other hand, if President McKinley and his advisers are really animated by friendly sentiments they profess they may fairly consent to the modest demand of the Sagasta cabinet for a reasonable period to settle the thorny problem handed down by their predecessors. If this demand is refused, all Spaniards will arrive at the conclusion that the ugly rumors in circulation as to the financial influences working behind the jingo agitation are ture, and that President McKinley's plausible words are merely intended to cover a projected abuse of superior physical strength."

SITUATION AT MADRID DESCRIBED.

Spaniards Believe the United States' Object Is Cuba's Acquisition.

The Times editorial is based upon letters from Madrid describing the situation, the second of which appears today dated Oct. 18. The writer, prefacing his remarks by saying that "Circumstances and not American pressure produced change of ministry," discusses the note in practically the same terms as are used in the editorial. He comments on the fact that while amiably expressed the note hints its intentions in a manner having a "disagreeable resemblance to the consecrated phrase of diplomacy 'vuer aux moyens,' which in a similar European document would have the character of an ultimatum. * * * If the truth must be told, General Woodford's amicable assurances are regarded by Spaniards as little beyond polite phrases signifying nothing, and intended to cover unjustifiable aggressive designs.

"The fact that the insurrection was originally hatched in America and is supported from there is considered proof that the Americans mean to possess Cuba, and the tender of their good offices is regarded as a step in that direction. In support of this view the American correspondents of the Madrid papers assert that an American syndicate with enormous resources and with influential backing at Washington is preparing to buy up the land, railways, sugar and tobacco factories and industrial undertakings, and is even negotiating with the rebel leaders with a view to running the new autonomist government, possibly under the nominal sovereignty of Spain, but in any case under the real protection of the United States.

"I understand that the Spanish government possesses a deal of trustworthy information on this subject. There is no doubt that these projects exist, and if the authorities at Washington sympathize with them—as is suspected—they will not be much inclined to wait for the result of the new policy in Cuba, but will persist in intervention on the ground, according to the Woodford note, not of Weyler's cruelties, but of injuries to American interests.

"On the whole, the prospects of General Woodford obtaining any satisfactory arrangement are not bright. Furthermore it would be a dangerous error to imagine that the Spaniards are playing a game of bluff. They know they would be beaten, but Castillian pride is willing to accept the consequences. This is the burden of official talk here, with this addition: 'We never signed the declaration of Paris against privateering, and we ought to be able to destroy American commerce all over the world. Let the Americans do their worst. We are ready to accept the consequences.'"

ONLY NINETEEN WERE KILLED.

Revised List of the Lost by the Terrible New York Central Disaster.

Garrisons, N. Y., Oct. 26.—The complete list of the killed in the New York Central and Hudson River railroad wreck, a list which the railroad officials believe includes all of those who could possibly have been lost, is as follows: Engineer John C. Foyle, of East Albany, body still in the river; Fireman John C. Tompkins, of East Albany, body still in the river; Thomas Ryley, of St. Louis; W. H. G. Myers, of Tremont, N. Y.; A. G. McKay, Harlem, body still in the river; E. A. Green, of Chicago; William Schenckenbecker, of Newark, N. J.; Guiseppe Taguana, New York; Mrs. Robt. Lindsman, Utica, N. Y.; unknown woman; Chin Lee Song, San Francisco; Chin Fong Hop, brother of Chin Lee Song; Hoo Wuh, of New York; Lee Tong Sing, of New York; unknown Chinaman; Wong Gim, residence unknown; two unknown Chinamen.

The number is nineteen, as sent heretofore, and there is little doubt that this is the total list of the killed. The bodies of the engineer, fireman and Van Etten's secretary are yet in the river, with small hope of their immediate recovery. The cause of the accident will be thoroughly investigated, but at present is involved in doubt, except that something gave way under the road, which was supposed to rest on solid rock.

FUNERAL OF DR. BATEMAN.

Many Old Knox Students Attend Services at Galesburg.

Galesburg, Ills., Oct. 26.—The funeral services over the remains of the late Dr. Newton Bateman were held here yesterday. At 9 a. m. the students of Knox college assembled at the college chapel and marched to the Bateman home, led by the cadet corps in uniform. Brief services were held at the house and the remains were borne by the student escort to the college chapel, where they laid in state until 2 o'clock. Special college services were held beginning at 1:30 o'clock, including tributes from alumni, students, faculty and trustees. At 2:30 the remains were escorted to the First Presbyterian church, where the funeral services were conducted by Rev. M. B. Lowrie. The interment at Hope cemetery followed. The services were under the general direction of President Finley, of Knox college.

Many old students, trustees and friends of the college from abroad were present to do honor to the illustrious educator. Prominent men in educational work from all over the state and nation sent messages of respect and condolence, which form a magnificent eulogy of Dr. Bateman's completed life work.

WILL OF GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

All That Is Really Known of It Outside the Family Is Given Below.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—The last will and testament of George M. Pullman will be filed in probate court tomorrow morning. Until that time no part of its contents will be made known to the public. Robert T. Lincoln and Norman B. Ream, joint executors, and the nearest relatives of the millionaire, who were present when the document was read at the family residence are the only ones who have any knowledge of the wording of the will beyond a few primary facts given out by Lincoln last night.

Lincoln said: "Pullman's will is very liberal, indeed. It contains many large bequests to public and charitable institutions. It will be filed in the probate court at the earliest possible moment, and then it will be published for the first time in its entirety. Executors will be obliged to furnish heavy bonds, and there are many similar routine matters to be attended to, all of which requires time. We expect to have everything ready to go to court early Wednesday."

Shields Has Grown Weary.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 26.—Professor Charles W. Shields, of Princeton university, authorizes the statement that in consequence of "unjust, unconstitutional and defamatory action" of certain presbyteries and synods, involving his good name, he decides for his own personal protection to separate himself from the Presbyterian church in a constitutional manner with the least possible delay. This refers to the granting of a liquor license to the Princeton Inn, Professor Shields' being one of the signers of the petition for the granting of the license.

That Package Is a Dead Loss.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—The $14,000 package sent by registered mail to the State Savings bank at Butte, Mont., by the National Bank of the Republic here, has been given up for lost. The Union Marine Insurance company, of New York, in which the package was insured, has notified the bank by telegraph that it will pay the loss. Paying Uncle Sam extra for registry or postal money order does not make the government responsible.

Yellow Fever at Atlanta.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 26.—H. H. Comer, a fireman of the Atlanta and West Point railway, who came to this city as a refugee from Montgomery about five days ago and who is now ill with yellow fever in this city, is somewhat better, and the physicians who are attending him think that the chances of his recovery are excellent.

Four Were Taken and Four Left.

Bradford, Ark., Oct. 26.—Stephen Scroggins and three other men were killed near Weiner, Ark., by a boiler explosion. A strange feature of the explosion was that eight men were working in the mill, four with families and four single. The four unmarried men were killed.

High Tide Does Damage.

New York, Oct. 26.—The Long Island coast for a distance of six miles between Far Rockaway and Rockaway beach, was more or less damaged by the tide yesterday, which was the highest in some years.

New Cause for Insanity.

St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 26.—Henry Hans, aged 11 years, was yesterday sent to the insane asylum, his insanity having been caused by inhaling the fumes of gasoline.

New Bank Authorized for Indiana.

Washington, Oct. 26.—The Commercial National bank of Union City, Ind., has been authorized to begin business. Capital, $50,000.

TWENTY-EIGHT DEAD.

Frightful Accident on the New York Central.

TRAIN PLUNGES INTO THE RIVER.

Miraculous Escape of the Passengers in the Wagner Sleeping Cars—Nearly All of Them Were Asleep When the Disaster Occured—Six Bodies Taken from the Day Coach—The Work of Rescue—Scenes and Incidents.

New York, Oct. 25.—The New York and Boston special express train No. 46, over the New York Central and Hudson River road, was thrown from the tracks into the Hudson river at Corbin's basin, two miles below Garrison's, at 5:40 in the morning. There were ninety-six passengers and fourteen trainhands on board. No list was obtained of those who were in the sleeping car. Twenty-eight persons are known to be dead and the list is not yet complete. The bodies recovered are all at Cold Spring, where the coroner has an office.

The engine and express car are in fifty feet of water. The combination baggage and smoking car and one day coach are submerged. Of the six sleepers one is entirely under water, two are only partially covered. Three of the sleepers did not leave the track. The wreck is said to have been caused by the tides washing away the underpinning of the track.

Rescued Through the Window.

The engineer and fireman went down with the engine. Many passengers were rescued through the car windows. Among those in the smoking car were eleven Chinamen who had been smuggled in from Canada. All save three of them were lost. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Maltby of Chicago, the former a favorite nephew of the New York Central's president, were among the rescued passengers. Another was an Englishman. All day and night the search for the dead continued.

There was no Chicago coach on the train and Green, whose name appears among the list of dead, is the only one from that city who is known to have lost his life. Alderman Maltby was awakened when the crash came, and found the sleeper half filled with water. While the water began to mount rapidly toward the roof of the car he succeeded in reaching a window, which he opened, and after a heroic struggle succeeded in forcing his wife through the narrow aperture, and crawling after her. They reached the shore in safety.

Identifying the Dead.

The coroner and his assistants searched the dead bodies in the hope of finding some clew to their identity. They began at No. 2, a Chinaman, without discovering anything. A quantity of money was found in the lining of his clothes, but was not disturbed. In the pocket of No. 3, a Chinaman, was found a Canadian passport made out to Ah Ging. No other papers were found. No. 4, a Chinaman, was without papers. In the pocket of No. 5 was found a letter of introduction to Hop Ling of Newark, N. J., but no other name could be found. Nothing was found on the other three Chinamen.

By letters and papers found in the pocket of No. 1 he was identified as Thomas Ryley of St. Louis. He wore a gold ring, on the inside of which was the following inscription: "Presented to Comrade Ryley by his comrades Post 15, G. A. R." Some small change and £25 in English money was found on the body. No. 9 was a young man, about 30 years of age, well dressed. A letter addressed to E. A. Green, care A. W. Otis, architect, 275 Dearborn street, Chicago, and the business card of the latter were found on him.

Two Unknown Women.

Nos. 12 and 13 were two women and nothing could be found on them to identify them. No. 12 was a woman about 30 years of age. She wore a black skirt and a checked waist with a black silk front. The only article of jewelry that she wore was a gold band wedding ring, which bore no inscription. She was of light complexion, with high cheek bones and light hair. No. 13 was a woman dressed in black, about 25 years of age. She wore a belt with a gold buckle about her waist. She was a brunette. There was nothing by which she could be identified.

No. 14 was evidently an Italian. A postal card was found in his pocket addressed to Giuseppe Paduano. The contents were written in Italian and it was signed "Toci Banca, 87 Park street, New York." The identity of No. 15, a man, is unsettled. A letter was found in his coat pocket addressed to W. S. Becker, Newark, N, Y. In his vest pocket was found a prescription written by Dr. Thomas of Yonkers, N. Y.

Never To Be Forgotten.

It was a sight that will never be forgotten, the fifteen dead forms on the floor of the car. The face of each one bore cuts or contusions of some kind. The supposition that the Chinamen had been smuggled into this country seems to be erroneous, as they were all dressed in clothes of American make. The Chinese boarded the train at Malone, N. Y., and three are still missing. From the time the bodies were taken from the ill-fated cars thousands of morbidly curious persons assembled about the improvised morgue. Many gained admission on the ground that they wished to identify some one.

With two exceptions, the eyes of all the dead were tightly closed. Ryley's eyes were wide open. At 9 p. m. the coroner gave orders for the removal of the bodies to undertaking rooms at Cold Spring, where they will be embalmed and held a day for identification.

No Wagner Passengers Killed.

If there are any more bodies in the wreck or in the river they are believed to be in the day coach, which lies in water up to its roof, off King's dock. The diver who took six bodies out of this car said he could find no more. A good many believe, however, that other dead will be found in this car when it is raised. Passengers who escaped from this car and the crew have said that at least twelve persons perished in the day coach. The work of searching for bodies, which had been temporarily suspended at 2 o'clock in the morning after the parlor car Glen Alpine had been hoisted, was resumed at daybreak. As the occupants of the other two sleepers in the river have been accounted for by the conductor and porters, it is to be presumed that no Wagner passengers were killed. There was found in the car Glen Alpine in wallets and pocketbooks $900 in money, in sums ranging from $15 to $300, and eight gold watches, one of them being a lady's chatelaine. Some of the watches bear monograms by which they can be identified. There were also found a variety of diamonds, sleeve buttons, studs, and a pearl pin, all kinds of wearing apparel, satchels, umbrellas and shoes.

TERRIBLE STORM AT CAPE MAY.

Over a Third of the Town Covered by Wild Waters.

Cape May, N. J., Oct. 25.—The northeaster which prevailed along the coast for five days developed in the night into the worst storm which has struck Cape May in nineteen years. The tides cover over a third of the territory of the town and surrounds the mammoth Stockton hotel and all the section northeast of it. The wind reached a velocity of forty miles an hour and is still blowing a gale. The board walk is lightly damaged. Four miles of trolley on the beach is entirely broken.

An unknown two-master, sailless, is at the mercy of the elements two miles off shore. Sightseers say that one vessel went down off shore about 6:30 a. m. This statement cannot be verified. Trains over the South Jersey railroad cannot get across the meadow. South Cape May is also badly flooded, many cottage porches and fences being washed away. The train service to all beach resorts is suspended. Telephone service between the life-saving stations is interrupted.

Delaware Breakwater, Del., Oct. 25.—The northeast gale, which reached a velocity of nearly fifty miles an hour, is still blowing, with no signs of abating. The schooner H. W. Laws, which went ashore near the factory, is still pounding on the beach. The schooners Lizzie Falkenburg and Sarah J. Vaughan came ashore at West Maulls pier and Barge No. 11 and a dredge are aground near the life-saving station. The schooner A. L. Ponder, for New York, is ashore three miles north of Maulls pier. No word has been received from down the coast on account of interruption to the life-saving service wires.

Advance Will Be Resumed.

Simla, Oct. 25.—Official dispatches from Khangarbur say that advance upon the Sempagha pass, on both sides of which the insurgent tribesmen are collecting in great force, and where the next furious fighting is expected to occur, will be resumed. The position taken up by the enemy is of the strongest description and can only be assailed in front and over broken ground. The tribesmen are expected to make a most determined resistance to the advance of the British troops. It is also expected that the Peshawar column will have warm work to do, as 4,000 Afridis have collected at Barkai and Mai-Mai, near Bara.

Old Man Burned to Death.

Stevens Point, Wis., Oct. 25.—The old Boyington residence in the town of Sharon, twenty miles northeast of this city, burned early in the morning. The loss was about $3,000; insured for $1,000. The house was occupied by Joseph Zoberowski and family. After all the occupants were safely out, Mr. Zoberowski, aged 62 years, returned to the house to get $35 in money and was burned to death. Miss Zoberowski, a sister of the proprietor, also returned to the house for some clothes and will probably die from the frightful burns she received.

Chinaman Cuts His Tongue Off.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—In an endeavor to end his life Wah Ye, a Chinese laundryman, cut an inch from the end of his tongue, and nearly bled to death before a physician, who was called, could stop the flow. Wah Ye was found in a bunk in the basement of a Chinese lodging house at 217 Clark street. Poor health forced the Chinaman to give up his laundry business some months ago and since then he has been despondent. He was taken to the county hospital and will probably recover.

Forty Disgusted Argonauts.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 25.—The steamer Navarro has arrived here from St. Michaels. She left there Oct. 10, one day before the steamer Humboldt, and consequently brings no late news. She brought forty passengers who failed to reach the Klondike and were so utterly disgusted with themselves that they exacted a promise from Captain Higgins not to give out their names. The majority of them went to Alaska on the schooner North Fork from San Francisco.

Shot by Angry Husband.

Kansas City, Oct. 25.—William N. Allen, manager of the Kansas branch of the Keeley institute at Kansas City, Kan., was shot and perhaps fatally wounded by C. E. Riley, a traveling salesman. Riley's action was prompted by the belief that Allen had alienated his wife's affections. There were no witnesses to the shooting. Riley is under arrest.

Two Bodies in a Well.

Wichita, Kan., Oct. 25.—Frank Moon, aged 50 years, and Mrs. D. Wells were found dead at the bottom of a thirty-foot well on Moon's farm, near Derby, having been asphyxiated. Moon had been overcome while working and the woman, fearful at his not returning home, went to the well late at night to investigate and fell in.

Second Trial of Luetgert.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—Adolph L. Luetgert will be placed on trial for a second time for the murder of his wife, Louise, Wednesday—if his attorneys, Messrs. Vincent and Phalen, do not demand a continuance. Should his counsel not ask a delay the famous case will be positively resumed this week.

Newmarket Maiden Plate.

London, Oct. 25.—The Lorillard-Beresford stable's 2-year-old chestnut colt Quibble II, by Sensation, out of Quandry, won the Newmarket maiden plate. There were six starters; Colonel Gardie finished second and Bonfire was third. Quibble II was ridden by Tod Sloane, the American jockey.

Eminent Artist Dead.

Philadelphia, Oct. 25.—John Sartain, the eminent artist and engraver, died at the home of his daughter. Mr. Sartain had just celebrated his 89th birthday anniversary.

W. R. Foster Is Caught in Paris.

New York, Oct. 25.—William Riley Foster, who in 1888 stole $182,000 from the gratuity fund of the produce exchange here, is under arrest in Paris.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Tacoma's probate judge is hard put to it to determine whether a minister's claim against an estate for $10 burial services should be allowed.

It is announced that Father McGlynn has made his peace with Archbishop Corrigan and will be given an important parish in New York.

Kaiser Wilhelm's speeches during the last two years fill 323 printed pages in the cheap German edition in which they are printed.

The Mikado of Japan, though passionately fond of horse racing, allows no betting on his track, and pursues the sport purely for sport's sake.

The British government soon will build docks, basins and coaling places at the Cape of Good Hope, and $14,000,000, it is said, will be the cost of the improvements, which are planned on an immense scale.

The movement to erect a monument at Raleigh, N. C., to the memory of the late Senator Z. B. Vance has wholly died out, and the project has been abandoned.

The Mennonites are to found a colony near Houston, Tex., purchasing an immense farm, to be colonized by all the Mennonites now scattered throughout the west.

The Berlin Street Railway company is obliged to pay 3 per cent. of its gross receipts to the city. Last year the city got $256,000 by this arrangement.

The records of the weather bureau show that since establishment frost has never occurred at New Orleans earlier than Oct. 31.

Miss Helen V. Boswell, the organizer and head of the woman's Republican movement in New York, is a mining engineer.

Secretary Alger has ordered lieutenant Colonel Randall to make use of reindeer in transporting supplies Alaska.

A southern paper refers to golf as "dude shinny."

Three of the eight surviving soldiers of the war of 1812, now on the pension rolls of the government, are over 100 years of age.

Rev. Dr. George C. Baldwin of Troy, N. Y., has been marrying couples for over fifty years, and his list is said to have reached a total of 3,000.

The prohibitionists of New York are this year using toilet soap in their campaign. Cakes of the commodity bearing temperance legends are being distributed gratis.

Sumner A. Leach of Plattsville, Knox county, Me., has the hat that his great-great-grandfather were at the time of his wedding, 140 years ago.

Young Lady's Narrow Escape.

St. Charles, Ills., Oct. 25.—Miss Lelia Myner had a lively experience here in the steam laundry. In attempting to stop some machinery her dress caught and she was whirled around a rapidly revolving wheel. Her cries brought assistance and the engine was stopped. Her clothing was torn from her and she was badly bruised.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Oct. 25.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened and closed 94c; May, opened 92¼c, closed 92c. Corn—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 26¼c, closed 26⅝c; May, opened 29⅛c, closed 29⅝c. Oats—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 18⅝c, closed 18¼c; May, opened 21c, closed 20⅝c. Pork—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened $7.50, closed $7.82½; January, opened $6.77½, closed $6.75. Lard—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened $4.32½, closed closed $4.32½; January, opened and closed $4.47½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; fresh packing stock, 11c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 14½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c per lb; chickens (hens), 6½c; spring chickens, 7c; ducks, 7½@8c. Potatoes—Northwestern, 35@43c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, $3.00@3.25 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 25.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 48,000; sales ranged at $3.60@3.90 for pigs, $3.50@3.95 for light, $3.35@3.40 for rough packing, $3.35@3.95 for mixed and $3.45@3.95 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; quotations ranged at $5.10@5.50 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.70@5.10 good to choice do., $4.40@4.50 fair to good, $3.80@4.30 common to medium do., $3.60@4.25 butchers' steers, $2.90@3.90 stockers, $3.70@4.50 feeders, $2.00@4.20 cows, $2.60@4.60 heifers, $2.25@4.25 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@3.90 Texas steers, $3.50@4.80 western rangers, and $3.50@7.00 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs Estimated receipts for the day, 26,000; quotations ranged at $3.00@4.25 westerns, $3.75@4.50 natives, and $4.00@4.10 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 25.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission eMrchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows: Cattle—Receipts, 215 cars; market slow and generally 10@15c lower, with light all for heavy grades; best heavy steers quotable, $5.00@5.15; good shipping, $4.70@4.90; fair do., $4.55@4.65; light to mediums, $4.25@4.50; butchers, fair to good, $3.85@4.25; heifers, light, $4.50; fat to choice, $3.10@4.35; old to good fat cows, $2.00@2.75; bulls, light to extra, $2.10@3.90; oxen, thin to choice, $3.25@4.10; stockers and feeders, lower and dull, but good ones nearly steady; sales, $2.25@3.85; choice, $4.00; fresh cows active and higher; veals, $5.00@6.75. Hogs—Receipts, 125 cars; market opened slow but later active at 5@7½c decline; sales Yorkers, $4.00@4.05; bulk, $4.00; mixed mediums, $4.00; few, $4.05; heavy, $4.00; pigs active, $4.05@$4.10. Sheep Receipts, 60 cars, including 12 cars of Canadas; market opened stronger for good but closed with all advance lost; top lambs, $5.70@5.85; culls to good, $4.50@5.60; top mixed sheep, $4.00@4.35; culls to good, $2.50@3.85; wethers, $4.40@4.65; yearlings, $4.50@4.75.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, Oct. 25.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 red cash elevator, 98c nominal; track, 99⅛@98¼c; No. 2 hard cash, 89c; December, 98¼c bid; May, 96¼c bid. Corn—Lower; No. 2 cash, 23¾c; December, 23¾c bid; May, 26¾c. Oats—Lower; No. 2 cash elevator, 18½c bid; track, 19¼c; No. 3 white, 20⅛@21c; May, 20⅛@21c. Rye—Firm, 46½@47c.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Oct. 25.

Wheat—Unsettled; No. 1 northern, 92c; No. 2 spring, 87c; December, 93¾c. Corn Steady; No. 3, 25c. Oats—Weak; No. 2 white, 21½@22¼c. Rye—Lower; No. 1, 47¾c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, Oct. 25.

Wheat—Cash white, 93¾c; cash red, 94¾c; December, 95¾c; May, 96½c asked. Corn—Cash, 25½c. Oats—White, 22¼c asked.

MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.—Mrs. Joseph Peterson, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

Hineman Happens To Be Alive.

Springfield, Ills., Oct. 26.—Fred Hineman, a farmer of this vicinity, who was supposed to have been murdered and his body thrown into Clear lake, has been found alive and well at Black Jack, Mo., near St. Louis. Last Saturday he was seen at that place by A. B. Van Sycle, a traveling man of this city, who knows him well. Hineman gave Van Sycle a letter to his brother, who lives here, stating that he left home on account of being heavily in debt.

Another "Original Package" Case.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 26.—The case of Donald McGregor, a cigarette dealer at Cedar Rapids, vs. Sheriff Cone, involving the constitutionality of the anti-cigarette law, was submitted in the supreme court yesterday. The appellant contends that nickel boxes are original packages, and may be sold irrespective of the state law.

Wealth in a Few Tons of This.

Denver, Oct. 26.—News of a phenomenal mineral strike which has set the community wild with excitement comes from Georgetown, this state. In the East Argentine district an ore body was encountered which it is claimed averages as high as $25,000 to the ton through a vein three to four feet wide.

Still After That Special Session.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—Between twenty and thirty representative citizens of Chicago will go to Springfield tomorrow morning to meet Governor Tanner by appointment, and urge him to call a special session of the legislature, for the purpose of enacting revenue and primary election laws.

CHEMICAL FIRE ENGINES.

They Have Done Much to Reduce the Loss From Water at Fires.

Mr. Charles T. Hill writes of "The Fire Patrol" in St. Nicholas, the final paper in his series on the New York fire department. Mr. Hill says:

The "chemical engine," used considerably in the fire departments of several cities, has aided materially in lowering the loss by water at small fires. The preparation carried in the tanks of these engines has a double advantage—not only does it extinguish a large body of fire with the use of a small amount of water, but the liquid itself evaporates quickly, leaving very little "drip" in the apartments or floors underneath the fire.

The tanks of these engines are charged with a solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) and water, with a small cylinder of sulphuric acid suspended at the top. When the tank is inverted, this acid is emptied into the soda and water, and the mixture at once generates carbonic acid gas at a great pressure. Charging the liquid with this gas gives it the necessary pressure to drive it a considerable distance. The hose is coiled around a reel on top of the engine, and always connected with the tanks, so when the firemen arrive at a fire all they have to do is to run off as much hose as they need, dash up stairs with the line, give the order to "dump" one of the tanks (there are two, carrying 60 gallons each), and they are all ready to go to work. The chemical engine has extinguished more than 25 fires of considerable size since it has been in service in the New York department, a little over a year. It is stationed on the upper west side of the city, where there are a great number of dwellings and flats, and it has aided materially in keeping down the fire losses in that part of New York.

Salt Rheum

Intense Suffering—Could Not Sleep—Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had salt rheum on my arms, which itched intensely and kept me from sleeping. The skin on my hands would crack open. My friends believed I was suffering from blood poisoning. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did not see any improvement with the first bottle but continued with the medicine and after taking five bottles I was completely cured. My hands are now as smooth as I could wish." A. D. Hagny, Elroy, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXV.

A STRANGE MEETING.

The rifle shot scared the tiger. Roaring with pain, he dashed up the edge of the valley and disappeared.

For a moment all was silent, and Maurice in his hiding place forgot his fear in astonishment at what had happened. Several minutes passed, and he was thinking of creeping out and making a dash for the forest when two or three fragments of stone rattled down to the ground not a dozen yards away.

A moment later a man dropped nimbly from an overhanging rock—a tall, slim fellow in a torn and faded Cossack uniform, with a rifle in his hand.

Knowing that this stranger must be aware of his presence, Maurice hastily crawled out of his hole and stood upright. As he did so the stranger turned, revealing the haggard features of Captain Daroman.

Maurice leveled the revolver straight at the man's head.

"Don't attempt to use your rifle or I'll put a bullet through you," he said quickly.

The Russian's face expressed the utmost surprise as he saw who it was that confronted him.

Then, advancing a step, he said: "Put up your weapon. I mean you no harm. We are now companions in misfortune. And so it was you the tiger was after? I would have driven the brute off long ago, but knowing that the Cossacks were in the neighborhood I dared not fire."

Something in the Russian's face convinced Maurice that he meant no harm. He lowered his weapon and restored it to his belt.

"Quick! Let us get away from this," exclaimed the captain. "There may be other soldiers in the neighborhood. There is no time to lose if we would escape."

He started off rapidly along the base of the cliff, and Maurice followed close behind, wondering at the strange fate that had brought about this meeting with his old enemy.

Suddenly he remembered that he was traveling directly away from his friends, and his heart sickened at the thought that they were probably even now in custody of the soldiers.

"Stop!" he cried to Daroman. "I must go back. My companions are up the valley a mile from here."

"Your companions!" exclaimed the Russian. "You are not alone, then?"

"No," replied Maurice, and he briefly explained who was with him. "But what became of those two Cossacks?" he added anxiously. "You hit one, did you not?"

"Yes," said Daroman coolly. "I shot the foremost fellow in the head. He fell back, and his comrade carried him off down the hill. They did not look for such a warm reception. They have been lurking in the neighborhood for several days. They discovered my tracks in the snow and hoped to capture me. They are only stragglers, but larger bodies of troops are not far away. That is why we must leave the locality at once. Of course you are trying to reach the seaport?"

"Yes," said Maurice reluctantly; "that is our object."

"Well," said Daroman, "I shall be glad to accompany you. I have had quite enough of Russia and will endeavor to reach some other country. I know something of the Pacific coast and of Vladivostok, and that experience is at your benefit if you will accept it."

"Wait until we see Platoff," Maurice answered evasively.

The Russian might be sincere enough, but his past conduct was against him.

They turned down into the valley, Maurice leading the way. Daroman's assurance that only those two soldiers were in the neighborhood had quieted his fears. One of them was probably dead, and his companion could do nothing single handed.

It was nearly sundown when the spring was reached, and to Maurice's consternation the spot was deserted.

"They have gone away," he exclaimed. "I must find them before night comes."

"What's that?" said Daroman. "Listen!"

A low, clear whistle was distinctly heard, and as Maurice whistled in reply Phil and Platoff broke from the bushes and came gladly forward.

They regarded Captain Daroman with evident aversion, and Platoff listened with a passive, unchanging countenance as Maurice explained his absence and related his adventure with the tiger and the meeting with the Russian.

Then Daroman briefly explained his object and wishes, speaking with apparent frankness and sincerity. His thin, careworn face and shrunken limbs excited the boys' pity, but Platoff allowed no sentimental considerations to influence him.

"You can accompany us," he said after a short deliberation, "but bear this in mind, at the first sign of treachery I will shoot you as I would a dog. I have little love for those who wear the czar's uniform."

Daroman's face flushed.

"You forget," he replied, "that escape from Siberia means as much to me as it does to you."

That was the only reference he ever made to the past. By tacit consent the subject was avoided.

"You are sure, then, that only these two Cossacks were in the neighborhood?" resumed Platoff.

"Yes," said Daroman, "that is all. They were searching for me and did not know of your presence."

"They passed here not half an hour ago," said Platoff. "That is why we hid in the bushes. The one you shot was lying across the saddle, dead, I have no doubt, and his companion, also mounted, was leading the other horse. This offense only makes things worse. We must be many miles from here before morning."

Daroman assented to this and urged an immediate start.

Platoff's suggestion to strike still deeper into the country toward Mongolia was discussed and approved. They ate a hearty meal, which Daroman devoured with ravenous greed, and just as twilight dimmed the forest the journey was begun.

It was uncertain traveling in the dark, for hills and ravines had to be crossed, but Platoff led the way with unerring sagacity, and when morning dawned they were many miles from the valley where Maurice had met with such a startling adventure.

All that day they pressed forward, and not until darkness came again would Platoff permit a halt. Then they stopped in a thick forest, and after a substantial meal prepared without fire they slept alternately, Platoff or one of the boys staying constantly on guard.

In the morning they were off again, and thus for three days they traveled steadily forward, meeting neither man nor beast and stopping for rest at night. It is true that tigers and wolves were often heard in the forest, but they remained at a distance.

The tedium of the march was beguiled by Captain Daroman, who entertained his companions with the narration of his own wonderful escape and journey. If what he said was true, his sufferings had been frightful indeed, and the boys realized all the more how great was the cause for gratitude on their part.

The captain, no doubt, expected a like return of confidence, but if so he was disappointed, for Platoff was very reticent and guarded about what he said, and, moreover, cautioned the boys against giving any information that might react in the future against the kind friends who had aided them in their escape.

The weather remained good—very chilly at night, but pleasant during the day. A scarcity of food now threatened again. The provisions supplied by Poussin were about gone, and on the evening of the fourth day the last remaining scraps were devoured.

"In two days, or three at the most, we will reach Vladivostok," said Captain Daroman. "We must get along as best we can until then. We have weapons, it is true, but it would be unwise to make use of them."

"We have money also," said Platoff, jingling the belt of rubles, "but it might as well be so much dirt for all the good it can do us."

"It will come of use, though, later on," he added. "A hundred rubles will be a strong temptation to some ship captain in the harbor of Vladivostok."

Then before it grew dark he set some snares in the forest, though with little hope of trapping anything. But the morning brought with it a pleasing surprise. The despised snares contained one a rabbit, the other a bird. A fire was kindled, and the game was cooked and eagerly devoured. This afforded strength for another day's journey, and late in the afternoon they stopped on the banks of a narrow stream.

With some loose stones Platoff constructed a rude triangular dam across a shallow part of the channel, leaving a narrow aperture in the center. At this place he held a rude net made from the lining of his coat, while Maurice and Phil, entering the stream some yards above, waded slowly down toward the dam, beating the water on each side with sticks. In this way a dozen nice fish were procured, sufficient for supper that night and breakfast the following morning. Poussin had given them some salt, and Maurice had fortunately held on to the bottle of red pepper; so, with the aid of these condiments, the fish were quite palatable.

They traveled that day with increased caution and halted when the sun was low in a deep valley.

All were visibly excited. One more march—less perhaps—would bring them to Vladivostok. They forgot for the moment what yet lay before them—perils to appall the stoutest heart.

Bidding his companions remain hidden in the bushes, Platoff climbed up the steep hill to the eastward, hoping to gain a sight of the distant sea, but the horizon was dimmed by misty gray clouds, and he returned disappointed.

"Vladivostok is not far away," said Captain Daroman. "I am sure of that, for I have been in this locality before.

Maurice leveled his revolver straight at the man's head.

One thing in our favor is the wild nature of the country. Desolate and uninhabited hills slope clear down to the town and almost to the edge of the bay."

The fugitives devoured the only food they had—a couple of cold fish cooked at a fire the night before—and then stretched themselves on the ground in the thickest part of the forest. What little sleep they got was broken, and at midnight a cold, steady rain began to fall that put a summary end to all further rest. It dropped through the foliage and crept in little rivulets along the ground.

The remainder of the night was passed sitting up.

At last morning dawned, cold, wet and cheerless, and Platoff, with a few words of encouragement, led his companions off in single file.

Realizing the increased dangers that now surrounded them, he observed every possible precaution, seeking out the deepest part of the forest and keeping in the shelter of trees and stones. It rained steadily all the morning, and with wet clothes and empty stomachs the fugitives felt miserable indeed. At noon, as they were ascending a steep, wooded ridge, the sky brightened visibly, and Platoff, who had reached the summit at that moment in advance of the rest, shouted with joy and waved his hands in the air. His companions, with fast beating hearts, hurried to the spot.

Maurice was ahead, and as he gained the crest and stood beside Platoff he saw spread before his eyes the scene that he had so often dreamed of—a scene that he could never, never forget. Six or seven miles to the eastward lay the Pacific, a gleaming blue sheet, lit up by a momentary bar of sunlight that had broken through a rift in the clouds. Still farther beyond sea and sky faded into the dusky, gray horizon. But closer at hand, along the base of sloping green hills, lay the graceful curving of the bay of Amur, with here and there a ship riding at anchor, while slightly to the south, a sight never to be forgotten, lay Vladivostok, its roofs and spires and the shipping in the harbor bathed in a golden mist.

"A sign from heaven!" cried Platoff. "God is with us. He will aid us to escape." And reverently taking off his cap he fell on his knees.

All followed his example, overcome with gratitude and emotion. In silence they looked their fill at the glorious view, neither willing nor able to speak.

Captain Daroman was apparently as deeply impressed as his comrades. A strange light was in his eyes, a fierce and sudden joy upon his face.

Thus they knelt for some moments, and even as they looked the golden haze faded away, dark clouds hid the broken rift, the sea paled and vanished, and a great hazy stormcloud, massed in billowy folds, came sweeping landward, hiding in its advance the harbor and the town and the green foothills.

"Come," said Platoff, rising to his feet, "come; it is time to go."

CHAPTER XXVI.

TREACHERY.

"Would it not be safer to hide in some place until night," asked Maurice, "and approach the shore in the dark?"

"Now is the best time," said Captain Daroman. "On such wet days the soldiers do not move about much, and the Cossacks along the coast, who are probably on the lookout for us, will relax their vigilance. We would have no better opportunity if we waited a week. We can easily reach the shore and conceal ourselves in the hills until night comes."

"I agree with you," said Platoff with more warmth than he had yet shown. "This is our chance. On such a day escaped convicts are supposed to hide in some dry place instead of traveling in the rain. Captain Daroman, you keep about ten yards behind me, the boys half that distance in your rear. Thus the danger of discovery will be lessened."

Platoff's advice was promptly heeded, and in that order they moved cautiously down the hill. Before they reached the bottom the stormcloud they had seen burst upon them in all its fury. The rain came down in torrents and the wind blew with great force.

This storm was undoubtedly a blessing in disguise. Whatever Cossacks were posted in the hill passes were driven to shelter, and at one point Platoff and his companions actually crawled on hands and knees between two blazing campfires not 50 feet apart. A cordon of troops was evidently stretched along the coast several miles north and south of Vladivostok.

The fugitives were moving cautiously over the lower slope of the foothills through a pretty heavy forest when Platoff halted and signaled his companions to join him. He pointed through a break in the trees to a small house built very tastily of stone, with fancy trimmings. A veranda surrounded the first floor, and all the shutters were tightly closed. The whole building was inclosed by a hedge of prickly thorn bushes.

Captain Daroman scrutinized the place closely.

"This is a summer cottage belonging to some Vladivostok merchant," he said, "some wealthy fellow who goes to St. Petersburg for the winter and spends the summer here. The house is empty now, and the owner will probably not return until May or June. It is a fortunate thing for us. We can take refuge here until an opportunity offers to board some vessel."

"But will it be safe?" asked Platoff.

"Yes," replied the captain. "No one will think of looking for us here. Suppose you make a detour of the house, and if you find no cause for alarm we will effect an entrance at once."

Platoff acted on this suggestion and returned with the report that all was quiet in front.

It was an easy matter to slip through the hedge, and with almost equal facility Captain Daroman entered the cellar by forcing one of the skylights, and presently he opened the back door triumphantly for his companions.

A hasty examination showed that the building had been stripped of its furniture, the owner, no doubt, being afraid to leave anything of value in it during the winter. Even the cellar was completely empty.

But the house was dry, and, what was of more importance, probably safe. It had two stories, with a small square tower on top. Platoff found a small ladder, plainly made for the purpose, and with it he ascended to this tower. Two circular glass windows faced east and south, and from this point of view he could see the harbor and part of the town, the latter more than a mile away.

There are three or four ships in the harbor," he announced to his companions, "but I cannot make out their flags. They are half a mile off the shore. The waves are rolling high, and a heavy surf is breaking on the beach."

It was evident that nothing could be done for the present, so they all returned to the cellar, which Platoff regarded as the safest place, and from where a watch could be kept on the outside of the house through the grated skylights.

All were suffering now for want of food. Nothing had passed their lips since the previous evening, and the chances of procuring anything to eat were slim indeed.

Captain Daroman made no attempt to conceal his feelings. He complained bitterly, speaking in despondent tones of the situation, and finally lapsed into a low spirited, apathetic condition. This made Platoff suspicious and uneasy. As soon as it grew dark he cautioned Maurice to keep an eye on the captain, and then, pulling a heavy coat around him, he made his way out into the storm.

He was absent for nearly three hours, causing the boys great uneasiness, and when he returned the tone in which he greeted his companions showed that he had no favorable report to make.

"I was up the coast a mile or more," he said. "Campfires are visible every few rods, and sentries are posted at intervals. There are no boats in any place, and even if there were they could do us no good, for the wind is terrific and the surf is thundering on the beach. I can see the lights of half a dozen vessels in the harbor."

"Were you near the town?" demanded Captain Daroman impatiently.

"Yes," replied Platoff, "I was within a quarter of a mile of Vladivostok. It is cordoned so completely by Cossacks that to pass through the lines is utterly hopeless. They are evidently expecting our arrival. It is impossible to obtain food, and the pangs of hunger must be borne. But we have good cause for hope rather than despair. In this place I feel confident that we are safe. By the close of another day I think that the storm will be over. We must endure our hunger until tomorrow night. Then if the sea be calmer we will tear boards from the floor, make our way to the beach in the darkness and try to reach one of the vessels in the harbor. I am confident we can do it. Until then be brave and courageous."

"Alas," exclaimed Captain Daroman despairingly, "I am unable to swim! I shall be left behind at the mercy of the soldiers, and you—you will procure your freedom."

"Not so," answered Platoff. "Don't despair. We shall find a way to take you with us. It will be unnecessary to swim if you are on a plank."

Platoff's cheering words, however, had but little effect on the captain.

He remained sullen and despondent, pacing the earthen floor in moody silence.

All slept some that night in spite of the torments of hunger, and, what was of chief importance, they retained their strength.

In the morning it was still raining, and the wind in violent gusts seemed to shake the house to its foundations. At noon the storm was still raging.

Platoff went up stairs to visit the watch tower and returned with a grave face.

"Soldiers are visible on the beach," he said. "The sea is very turbulent, and the vessels have sought the safer shelter of the town harbor. I fear nothing can be done tonight. We must try to get food in some way. Our strength must be kept up or we will be unable to escape."

Most of that afternoon Platoff spent in the tower, and when twilight came he announced his intention of going out to seek food.

"The night will be stormy," he said, "and I can easily break through the lines. I will try to find some habitation and purchase provisions to last for a few days. By that time the storm will surely be over."

Captain Daroman's views were not consulted. He was lying in a corner, apparently fast asleep, with one of Poussin's big rugs drawn over his faded uniform.

As soon as it was fully dark Platoff went up to the tower again to mark the location of the campfires. He took Maurice with him. Phil remained behind, sitting at the bottom of the cellar stairway. From the south window of the tower a faint halo of light was visible hanging over Vladivostok, and from the east window could be seen the straggling campfires on the beach.

They remained for some time, listening to the patter of the rain overhead and the crash of the distant surf.

"We must return," said Platoff. "I don't like to be away from Daroman long. That man may turn traitor at the last moment. He has been in bad spirits for two days past."

They reached the cellar, to find Phil sound asleep on the bottom step.

"Poor boy, he is worn out," said Platoff, and, turning aside, he bent over the motionless figure in the corner.

With a cry that brought Maurice instantly to his side he lifted the rug. Captain Daroman was gone!

"The vile traitor!" exclaimed Platoff. "We are lost! He has betrayed us! What shall we do? The Cossacks may be here in an instant."

Maurice staggered back against the wall pale and trembling. Phil, roused by the commotion, rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"We must leave at once," cried Platoff. "There is but one chance—we must break through the lines into the town and try to reach the landing wharf. Perhaps we may find a vessel there. Come; don't lose a second. Where are our things? My revolver is gone! I placed it here on the steps. Ah, I see. That traitorous wretch has carried it off."

"Mine, too, is gone," cried Maurice. "We are defenseless."

Platoff ground his teeth with rage.

"As sure as there is a heaven above," he hissed, "that black hearted scoundrel shall atone for this with his life"—

Crash! Crash! The heavy doors overhead burst inward and thundered to the floor. A clash of arms was heard and a confused tramp of feet. Then the door at the head of the cellar stairs was torn open, and a blazing torch shone on fierce, bearded faces, green uniforms slashed with gold braid, and gleaming bayonets and sabers.

"In the name of the czar, surrender!" shouted the officer in command.

Platoff dashed to the skylight, only to be confronted by a dozen rifle barrels from without.

Turning, with a hoarse cry that echoed from cellar to roof, he tore the knife

"In the name of the czar, surrender!" shouted the officer.

from Phil's belt, which the traitor had failed to remove, and hurled himself with fury on the foremost of the Cossacks as they swept impetuously down the narrow flight of stairs.

The steel flashed in its descent and sank deep into an outstretched arm, but before the brave Russian could withdraw the blade for another stroke a blow from a rifle butt stretched him senseless on the floor, and the troops swarmed unresisted into the cellar.

The boys were too dazed to think of defense. Overcome by the crushing weight of this terrible misfortune, they witnessed Platoff's heroic charge, saw him fall, stunned and bleeding, and then submitted without a word to the rough usage of their captors.

Bound hand and foot, they were taken up stairs and placed on the floor. The doors and windows were opened, and a huge fire kindled in an open grate. The blaze shone on the triumphant faces of the Cossacks within and cast gray gleams on the guards pacing outside in the rain. No need now for that long cordon of troops whose campfires were blazing along six miles of coast. At one stroke the campaign had ended.

The traitor Daroman was missing, and Maurice searched in vain for his familiar countenance. The cause of his treachery was only too plain. The adverse circumstances which confronted the fugitives, the want of food, the encompassing soldiers, the wind lashed waters of the harbor that made escape impossible at present, his own ignorance of swimming—all these things made him hopeless and despondent.

He feared capture, and capture in such company would only make his punishment the worse. Then the loophole of escape appeared. He would slip away, surrender himself to the first Russian officer he could find and disclose the whereabouts of the three escaped convicts, on whose head a heavy price was set. Surely this service would offset the misdemeanor that had made him a fugitive from his own government.

He would be pardoned, probably restored to his rank and position. So he doubtless reasoned and so he acted. The mines of Kara yawned once more for Platoff and his comrades.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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PROMOTED FOR GALLANTRY.

A New York Policeman Rewarded For Catching a Burglar.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes an article entitled "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police" for The Century. Mr. Roosevelt says:

Early in our term we promoted a patrolman to the grade of roundsman for activity in catching a burglar under rather peculiar circumstances. I happened to note his getting a burglar one week. Apparently he had fallen into the habit, for he got another the next week. In the latter case the burglar escaped from the house soon after midnight and ran away toward Park avenue, with the policeman in hot chase. The New York Central railroad runs under Park avenue, and there is a succession of openings in the top of the tunnel. Finding that the policeman was gaining on him, the burglar took a desperate chance and leaped down one of these openings at the risk of breaking his neck. Now the burglar was running for his liberty, and it was the part of wisdom for him to imperil life or limb, but the policeman was merely doing his duty, and nobody could have blamed him for not taking the jump. However, he jumped, and in this particular case the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the unrighteous. The burglar had the breath knocked out of him, and the "cop" didn't. When his victim could walk, the officer trotted him around to the station house, and a week afterward he himself was promoted, it appearing upon careful investigation that he was sober, trustworthy and strictly attentive to his duty.

Here again it seems to me that we followed the eminently common sense plan of promoting a man who had earned his promotion by faithful and distinguished service and by proved superior capacity. We cared no more for the policeman's views on the tariff or the currency than we did for those of the burglar. Our interest and the interest of citizens generally was to have the officer catch that burglar and otherwise do his duty. If he did his duty, we were for him; if he did not, we were against him. In neither event did we care whether the officer had or had not the backing of the congressional delegation of the city or the central committee of the county. Of course, as before, this exposed us to wild outcries from the local political bosses and heelers and much sneering at "civil service reform," but all the outcries and sneers meant was that we were doing our duty as decent men and as public officials, with some slight appreciation of what was implied by the words honor and uprightness. Political organizations are eminently necessary and useful, but when they are seized by professional spoils politicians of low morality, who run the "machine" in their own interests, who clamor against honesty and defy decency and rail against that device for obtaining clean government which is known as civil service reform, then it is time for all citizens who believe in good citizenship to rise in revolt.

Press Women of Louisiana.

The press women of Louisiana are generously recognized by their brothers of the fourth estate. At the annual meeting of the New Orleans Press club, recently held, it was voted to admit women to membership. Speaking of this, The Daily Picayune says:

"The women engaged on the newspapers in New Orleans are perhaps not the least among the great body of workers, and it was a gracious recognition of their worth to accord them membership in the great newspaper league. It is said that the New Orleans Press club is the first in the country to admit women to membership. The act was characteristic of the well known chivalry of our southern craft. The newspaper women of New Orleans certainly appreciate the compliment extended, and in the press club, as on the press, will give of their best for its success and development."

The Key of Sheridan's Success.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, says, after describing the battle of Five Forks:

Sheridan had that day fought one of the most interesting tactical battles of the war, admirable in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents and productive of extremely important results.

I said to him, "It seems to me that you have exposed yourself today in a manner hardly justifiable on the part of a commander of such an important movement." His reply gave what seems to be the true key to his uniform success on the field, "I have never in my life taken a command into battle and had the slightest desire to come out alive unless I won."

A Corroborated Criticism.

"What the piece needs," said the man who volunteers advice, "is more atmosphere."

"That's exactly what I said," replied the manager. "I told the leading lady yesterday that when she plays that part she ought to put on more airs."—Washington Star.

Everybody Says So.

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JOHN F. FINERTY,
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AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Henry Miller in "Heartsease."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Julia Marlowe.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Modjeska.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Cat and the Cherub."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

LET DILLON SET THE EXAMPLE.

We have received the following letter from Mr. William Dillon, editor of the New World and brother of Mr. John Dillon, M. P.:

[*To the Editor.*]

"CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—There are two respects in which I would take exception to the editorial in this week's CITIZEN, headed "The Criminal Irish Factionists," in which you hold the leaders of the three factions at present existing in Ireland as equally to blame for the unfortunate condition which prevails there. In the first place, you ignore the fact that Mr. Dillon has, on more than one occasion within the past two years, publicly offered to retire, if the other two will retire also. So far as I am aware, neither of the others has made a similar offer, nor has either of them shown any disposition to accept Mr. Dillon's offer. For Mr. Dillon to retire, and leave the other two to fight it out, would be of no use whatever, so far as restoring union, and would be an unjustifiable desertion of men who have relied upon him, and been loyal to him.

"The second ground upon which I think you are unfair, in holding all three equally to blame, is that both Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy have been contending for the right of a minority to secede, in case they can't persuade the majority to agree with them. Mr. Dillon has, all through this unfortunate business, contended for the principle that the will of the majority must prevail. If there be any other principle upon which unity of political action is possible in a Democracy, I have yet to hear it. Yours very sincerely,

W. DILLON."

We are glad to learn that Mr. John Dillon is prepared to "step down and out" whenever the other leaders of the Irish Parliamentary fragments agree to do the same, but wouldn't it be a good thing, meanwhile, for him to set the example, by a splendid self-sacrifice, in that respect? We don't see how his doing so could be construed as "an unjustifiable desertion of men who have relied upon him, and been loyal to him." His first duty is to Ireland, not to his followers, and their loyalty is due to their country not to any individual, however pure his motives or noble his character. If Ireland is ever to be free, Irishmen must, first of all, learn the duty of temporary self-effacement in her cause. They must learn how to withdraw from public notice at certain times in order to promote the interests of harmony. We know it is harder for most of us to do this than to face a line of battle, or mount a scaffold; but we must learn to do it, or else make up our minds to the perpetual slavery of Ireland and our own enduring humiliation as a race.

The contention about majority rule, made by Mr. Dillon, looks logical, but he knows well that there is little vital difference between the three Irish factions, and the real root of the trouble is the misguided ambition of individuals. If Mr. John Dillon should resign, for the sake of union, Irish public opinion, if it has any vigor or consistency left, would force Redmond and Healy to follow his example. They would have no valid excuse for remaining at the head of their respective fragments, if the leader of the largest faction set them the noble example of practically immolating himself on the altar of his country. We are much mistaken in Mr. John Dillon's character if he is not capable of making this glorious sacrifice.

But we do not wish to be understood as believing that even a perfect union of the Irish Parliamentary party would cause England to give Ireland "complete justice," from the standpoint of self-government; but it would, at least, have the effect of gaining her respect and quelling her sneers. Besides, it would marvelously affect, for the better, the spirit of the Irish people everywhere.

A united Irish party could, at least, do this much for Ireland's good: It could, for example, assemble in Dublin and invite the Tory-Unionist faction, headed by Saunderson and Russell, to meet and deliberate with it on the general condition of Ireland, which, as the whole world knows, is very gloomy at present. We have not much faith that Saunderson, Russell & Co. would accept the invitation, but, at least, it would put them on record and expose their heartlessness and hypocrisy, because the Orange farmers of Ulster are also threatened with the pangs of famine. But, assuming that the Liberal-Unionists and Tories would decline to meet with the other Irish members, the latter themselves, united as they were under the leadership of Parnell, could force the base and cowardly English government to, at least, save the lives of the people now threatened with starvation. England could not afford to ignore the demands of a practically united Ireland. We cannot understand how Messrs. Dillon, Redmond and Healy can persist in their mutually factious attitude while Ireland faints in the very shadow of death.

THE IRISH PEOPLE MUST NOT STARVE.

The Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, the parish priests and the Irish Parliamentary party, of all sections, have emphatically declared that Ireland is threatened with famine this winter. John Dillon has charged publicly that Ireland is overtaxed by England $15,000,000 annually, and this charge has been substantiated by the government commission of which Englishmen constituted a majority. In the face of all this Salisbury, Balfour and their myrmidons in Ireland refuse to budge for the people's relief—declaring falsely and impudently, that the famine cry is gotten up for political purposes. If famine should come, we advise the hungry people to feed their families on whatever God leaves in their country for sustenance. They should not pay a penny of rent to any landlord, if the government refuses adequate relief, until their own wants are supplied; and they should eat their cows, pigs, goats, even their horses and donkeys, if they have any, rather than starve to death. If cold moralists say this would be dishonest, let them give the landlords their "I. O. U's" until better times arrive. The absentee voluptuaries may be able to get the notes discounted in London as "accommodation paper." In any case, they can afford to wait for the money, but the people must eat or die. Parnell said, "Keep a firm grip on your holdings!" THE CITIZEN says, "Keep a firm grip on your live stock commissariat," and, as John Mitchel used to say, "It is better to die fighting than starve to death."

A BRAVE IRISH-CANADIAN.

The London Globe, of recent date, says:

"Major J. M. Walsh, who has been selected as the administrative officer of the Canadian Yukon by the Canadian government, is widely known to American miners on the Canadian border line and to United States army officers on the frontier. His career in Manitoba and the North-west is replete with stirring incidents. He is as brave as a lion, a strict disciplinarian, tactful and just. It was Major Walsh who organized the North-west mounted police, one of the most efficient bodies of men under the flag of Great Britain. Fort Walsh was named after him, and his fame as a suppressor of lawlessness and his just dealings with the Indians made his name a watchword among the early settlers in Manitoba and British Columbia. If his advice had been taken there would have been no Riel rebellion in Manitoba. When Gen. Miles chased Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors out of the Little Big Horn region across the border line into British Columbia Maj. Walsh rounded them up and received the surrender of Sitting Bull. At this time he made the acquaintance of Gen. Miles, and they became fast friends. American investors and miners are rejoiced that Major Walsh is selected as the administrative officer of the Canadian Yukon. He is eminently fitted for the post, and every American miner from the Canadian boundary line to Mexico feels confident that he will receive all that is justly due to him through the offices of Major Walsh. The new administrator will have three hundred selected men, properly armed and equipped, and several Maxim guns, as a force under his command."

We had the pleasure of visiting Sitting Bull's camp, in company with the gallant major, in July and August, 1879, and saw more hostile savages congregated together than have been seen on Canadian, or any other, territory since. Although entirely in their power, they treated us with hospitality, and allowed us to ride for a hundred and twenty miles through their country, attended by two soldiers and a half breed, without molestation. Major Walsh had won the respect of the warlike Sioux by a policy of truth and justice. What he said he would do, they knew he would accomplish, and it was their respect for his character that made our scalp safe in the midst of the wilderness. Otherwise, it would not have been worth a grain of powder. Major Walsh is a man of medium stature, slightly built and a most accomplished horseman. He is the son of an Irish father and mother, comely of face, "brave as a lion," light hearted—in short a genuine Irish soldier of the best type. We are glad to observe his promotion, and wish him all happiness. If he should meet Col. George M. Randall, the United States commandant, on the American side of "the line," he will find a congenial spirit. Should there be a war, they will be chivalrous foes, and, in a pinch, like Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu,—

The brave foemen, side by side,
Might sleep in peace, like brothers tried,

and rise refreshed for the combat. We hope, however, that the latter will never be necessary between two eminently gallant men and good fellows.

WALES AS A "SPIRITUAL HERO."

The English, as a race, can hardly be said to excel in humor, but Reynolds' Newspaper, of the 17th inst., contains an article on the Prince of Wales, as "A Royal and Spiritual Hero," which is calculated to make even the traditional solemn-visaged feline laugh. It is, indeed, a good-humored "roast" of the Prince, the Churchills and the Vanderbilts. Here, in part, is what Reynolds' has to say of the future, possible, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India:

Few who gazed upon his manly form would imagine what stores of spiritual grace were bottled up, so to speak, in the personality of Albert Edward Prince of Wales. A cold and critical world is apt to look on him as merely a "good fellow," grown bald and middle-aged in luxury and ease, fond of the things of this world. But the Prince of Wales is more than this, for he has taken upon himself a most solemn function, no less than that of responsibility for the moral and spiritual life of a new infant who has made its appearance in this world of temptation. The infant in question is that of the Duke of Marlborough, whose wife, as is generally known, is the daughter of Mr. Vanderbilt, the millionaire. Now, all psychologists are agreed that hereditary tendencies are in most cases likely to affect the conduct of a given human being; and, this being so, we can see at once what a serious obligation the Prince of Wales has taken upon himself in promising to look after the spiritual interests of the little Marlborough child. For the outlook, from the spiritual point of view, of that child is not promising, and it will take all the Prince of Wales' efforts to keep it in the true path, so that it may be numbered among the saints of this world. The Marlborough record, we regret to say, is, from the moral and religious point of view, very far from satisfactory.

The founder of the family was recognized as one of the worst men of his time. He was greatly addicted to women, but he was also at the same time so mean that he permitted those women who had ministered to his enjoyment to starve without helping them. He was true to none, and in a lax age was conspicuous for his unusual laxity. The qualities which made him notorious have been repeated in some of his descendants. Two gifted members of the family shocked society by their general conduct. One of them was convicted of beating his wife, herself the daughter of a marquis, and he put in more than one appearance in the divorce court. The other was a clever politician, but he died of premature old age, body and mind wrecked by excesses.

"Of the present duke we know nothing—though rumors have floated to us from America—absence of marked intellectual qualities being his most distinguishing feature. The duchess' papa, on the other hand, is separated from her mamma—or were they reconciled quite recently?—which does not exactly speak volumes for the happiness of the Vanderbilt menage. The founder of her family was originally a sort of bargeman, who made his pile by some smart work on the New York Central railway, and the family has never done anything since but accumulate money, which an authority, doubtless familiar to the Prince of Wales, has declared to be the 'root of all evil.' We mention these facts, not in any way to disparage either the Marlboroughs or the Vanderbilts, who merely share in an unusual degree the infirmities of human nature, but in order to show what a big job the Prince of Wales has undertaken in promising to keep the Marlborough scion morally straight. He will renounce, in behalf of this child, the sinful workings of the world, the flesh and the devil. The archbishop will especially tackle him on this point, and the heir apparent will reply, 'I renounce them all.'

"What a beautiful spectacle, surely, for a wicked world to gaze at! It is enough to move a heart of stone to contemplate the Prince of Wales engaging in this heroic task of answering for little Marlborough's morals and spiritual life, its growth in purity and goodness, its complete dissociation from all profane longings and naughty acts. We are speechless in admiration of the heroism of the Prince of Wales, who has boldly undertaken to do what we feel we dare not attempt, considering the peculiar circumstances. Of course there is no vulgar reward for all this. Some princes have obliged in this way to borrow money, to make themselves the friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Not so our almost sainted denizen of Marlborough house. He has advanced so far in the ways of righteousness that he not only feels secure in keeping the devil at bay so far as he is concerned, but he will keep him from poisoning the soul of the Marlborough baby as well. No wonder England is a loyal, king-and-queen-worshiping nation, when it breeds such a noble and royal hero as the Prince of Wales. His mother's virtues, of which we have heard so much this year, almost begin to pale before his own. Oh, what a happy people we should be with such a dear, good, noble, self-sacrificing prince!"

Exactly; but the English, as a body, are never happy unless they have several hogsheads of princes, and princesses, "on tap;" not to speak of peers and peeresses. John Bull likes to pay for his idols. Talk about the Oriental heathen worshiping images! His paganism is of a mild form when contrasted with Mr. Bull's adoration of the potbellied scions of the House of Guelph-Wettin. There are some Englishmen who would crawl a mile or two on their stomachs to kiss the fat hand of the ugliest old woman in England, simply because she wears a crown! We are not sure but that several so-called "Americans" of the Vanderbilt-Astor stripe would do the same thing. The canal-boat and the peddler's wagon are fine cradles for an effete "aristocracy." If the Prince of Wales, or his son, the Duke of York, were to come to America tomorrow, there is not a building in the United States large enough to hold the crowd of Anglo-Yankee flunkeys that would rush to see either one. And yet, both are ordinary-looking mortals enough. But such is "Anglo-Saxon" human nature. It worships all that is gross first and the Almighty Creator last.

MISS BESSIE O'BRIEN'S DEBUT.

A splendid audience greeted Miss Bessie O'Brien on the occasion of her debut at Central Music hall, Wednesday evening of last week. There were no vacant seats in that capacious auditorium when Dr. Louis Falk played, on the organ, in his inimitable manner, Mozart's "Magic Flute." He was followed by Mr. Sidney Biden, who sang, very acceptably, some classic selections. Then appeared the debutante, who received a very cordial welcome. Miss O'Brien is rather fragile of figure, with a spirituelle face and shadowy eyes that readily kindle with the fire of genius. Her opening song, "Mon Coeur S'ouvre a Ta Voix," although pleasing, was not in her best vein; nor was her second selection, "Ave Maria," although an improvement on the first. Much was expected from Miss O'Brien and this was the reason, perhaps, that what would have satisfied the audience in a singer of ordinary reputation did not do so in her case. There was evident disappointment, until she was recalled, when she appeared, suddenly, to become inspired and gave the concluding notes of the "Ave" with an expression that fired the audience to genuine enthusiasm. This effort, however, was absolutely eclipsed when the young lady, in her third number, trilled forth "Kathleen Mavourneen," with a clearness, naturalness and touching expressiveness that ravished all ears and won all hearts. The house called her out again and yet again, but she contented herself with singing over the concluding verse of the lovely ballad, and again the house went into ecstasies of applause.

Miss O'Brien was, apparently, rather nervous and not in the best physical condition to appear before a large and critical audience, made up of people more or less accustomed to hear the best operatic talent. The debutante and her friends can congratulate themselves on the result. Miss O'Brien was tried and not found wanting. For a young lady in her teens, and with only two years of thoroughly artistic training, her success was phenomenal, but only a foreshadowing of what she can accomplish as she grows stronger and gains more experience. One of the chief charms of Miss O'Brien's voice is the distinctness of her enunciation—a rare characteristic in public singers. Other numbers were ably taken care of by Mr. F. W. Carberry, Mr. Augustus Hylested, Miss Marian Carpenter, and Miss Alice Genevieve Smith.

DEATH OF FRANK P. TYLER.

We are sincerely sorry to announce the death of Mr. Frank P. Tyler, Secretary and Treasurer of the American Paper Company, which occurred at his residence in the Hampden Hotel, Langley avenue and Thirty-ninth street, last Sunday morning. He had been ill with typhoid fever for several weeks, and hopes of his recovery were entertained by his family up to a day or two before he passed away. He was a native of New England, and was in his forty-third year at the time of his death. He lived with his elder brother and an unmarried sister, and was himself a bachelor. Mr. Tyler was one of the most obliging and agreeable of men—utterly incapable of a small action, and with a heart large enough to love all mankind. He was, in short, a fine type, mentally, morally and physically, of the American gentleman—a loving brother, a faithful friend and an exemplary citizen. The stringency of the times told recently on Mr. Tyler's extensive business, and worry over the affairs of the company with which he was connected no doubt aggravated his malady. The business will be carried on by his brother, who is one of the most experienced paper merchants in the United States. Prosperity was already dawning brightly on its affairs when its able secretary was summoned to the better land. Frank P. Tyler was so good and true a man—so affable and so benevolent—that he had no enemies. He was devoted to his family and to them, as well as to his business associates and personal friends, his death is a bitter and irreparable bereavement. We respectfully convey our deepest sympathy to Mr. Tyler's sorely-afflicted relatives. If the unfeigned sympathy of thousands of well-wishers can console them in their great grief, they can be assured it is theirs unstintedly.

THE IRISH FAIR.

Every Hibernian in Chicago is full of enthusiasm and work for the coming Irish Fair at Battery D and the Second Regiment Armory, which will begin Dec. 4 next and continue until Dec. 18, inclusive. The prospect of Irishmen having their own building in Chicago has buoyed every member of the A. O. H. to a pitch of earnestness such as has never before been displayed. Emmet Memorial Hall will soon be added to the notable buildings of Chicago.

RECEPTION TO VICTIM OF SPANISH CRUELTY.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Chicago Cuban Committee of One Hundred, will present Miss Cisneros, the Cuban refugee, at a public reception to be given in the Auditorium Theatre, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 3. Senator Mason will be the orator of the evening, and Wilhelm Middelschulte will preside at the organ. Popular prices, 75, 50 and 25 cents, will be charged. Tickets will be for sale at the Auditorium box office, beginning Friday morning of this week at 9 o'clock.

MISS MAUD GONNE, "the Irish Joan of Arc," has arrived in New York and will lecture in that city, and throughout the United States, in behalf of the Irish cause and, more particularly, in support of the celebration of the centennial celebration of the great rebellion of 1798 in Ireland next year.

THE Schiller building must be situated on the thin crust of a volcano. It has had more fires to the square foot than any other structure in this city. Maybe the conflagrations are owing to the hot debates in the Board of Education meetings, when the electric wires of genius cross each other.

MAYOR HARRISON awarded the five-year garbage contract Saturday to Mr. Anthony J. Murphy at his bid of $1,251,351. Mr. Murphy intends to use the Wright system of incineration, now used in several English cities, in disposing of the garbage.

GEN. MILES wants three additional regiments of artillery to man the coast defenses. We are opposed to large standing armies, but we consider the general's point well taken. Cannon without cannoneers are only so much scrap iron.

THE Hon. Charles H. Ham, formerly of Chicago, and long connected with the editorial staff of the Inter Ocean, has been appointed President of the Board of General United States Appraisers. The selection is an excellent one, as Mr. Ham is a most deserving gentleman, and has had great experience in the matter of government appraisement.

MAYOR HARRISON, accompanied by several Democratic chiefs, and marshalled by the handsome Major Farrell, has traveled to New York to break a lance for VanWyck and Tammany. The Tribune says the trip will cost the city about $1,200 in unearned salaries. Well, is Mr. Harrison the only Chicago mayor that ever took a fall vacation?

THE Chicago Tribune of Oct. 25, says in an editorial paragraph: "Ireland is England's Cuba. The British do not so brutally despoil their vassals as the Spaniards do; but they get out of them all they can regardless of Irish sufferings. Every year they take from Ireland $15,000,000 by excessive taxation, and have done so annually, according to John Dillon, for the last forty years. Now, according to the same authority, famine is circling over the island and preparing to sink its talons in the vitals of the people, while the government is callously indifferent to the unhappy prospect. No wonder the British ruling classes have so languid a sympathy with the wrongs of the Armenians and the horrors endured by the Cubans. They treat Ireland as the Sultan or Weyler would treat it."

IT seems to us, looking on the recent Fort Sheridan unpleasantness from an impartial standpoint, that Capt. Lovering has too much temper and Private Hammond too much "gall." The captain should have kept his sword in its scabbard, and Hammond should have remembered that "the first duty of a soldier is obedience." Both of them would seem to have missed their vocation.

FORTY-THREE years ago last Monday, Oct. 25, the British "Light Brigade" charged into the "Valley of Death" at Balaklava. England claims all the glory of that superb feat of arms—one of the sublimest we freely admit in the world's history, and almost unequalled since the day of Thermopylæ—but we have seen it stated that 325 of the sabres that "turned in air" that bloody morning were wielded by Irish hands. This is not creditable to the Irish in the moral, or patriotic, sense, but it is in the military; and we would much like to have the statement analyzed. Some of the Irish employes of the British War office ought to be able to get at the archives without trouble. We know for a certainty that, at least, one Irish regiment—the 8th Royal Irish Hussars—participated in the immortal charge; and that Capt. Nolan, who brought the order and charged at the head of the "Light Brigade," with Lord Cardigan was the first man killed by the Russian fire. Nolan was an Irishman and, we are informed, a native of the County Galway.

IT is reported that Bourke Cockran is going to speak for Gen. Tracy in the greater New York fight. What party does "Bourke" belong to anyhow?

WE are informed by the veracious cable correspondent of the New York World that Wales is deeply interested in Greater New York's election, because Croker is reputed to be a friend of his, and that may affect "the Irish vote" for Tammany's candidate adversely. This is, indeed, truly laughable when everybody knows that "the Irish" don't care a rap for Croker personally, and look upon Wales as "a bald-headed snipe of the valley" and a played out old sport. They regard his relations with Lily Langtry much more seriously than his betting-book "friendship" for Boss Croker.

ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH ENTERTAINMENT.

The young women of St. Bernard's church gave a minstrel show Monday evening at the Marlowe theatre for the building fund of the new church. Forty took part in the minstrel programme, Miss Nellie Lawler assuming the role of interlocutor. The end women were Misses M. Cassidy, Ada Maley, M. Larkin, K. Barry, M. Donovan, A. Leonard. Harry T. O'Brien acted as the musical director and Mrs. P. T. Barry as chairman. The idea of a minstrel show originated during the late bazaar. A meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Barry, 6600 Yale avenue, and arrangements made.

An interesting number was "The Man Who Stole My Luncheon," by Misses Jennie McKinty and Nellie Hennessy. The minstrel part closed with a cake-walk, in which the soloists and comedians took part. The young women who sang the ballads were Misses Katharine Leonard, Agnes Kennedy, Marie Scheevers and Marie Reilly. A scene from Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" was given, with Miss Margaret Barry as blind Nydia, assisted by Misses Grace Maley, Loretto Leydon and Margaret Scheevers. Miss Ella Hartmans sang and little Doris Mitchell danced.

The third part of the programme consisted of tableaux d'art and poses plastique under the direction of Miss Leaton. They were as follows: End of Summer—Misses Frances Robb, Della O'Donnell, Selina McKinty and Frances Kennedy. Neapolitan water-carriers—Misses Mary McGinty, M. Smith, Margaret Connell, Mary Cassidy, Miller. Blind Nydia—Miss L. Kelly. Jephtha's daughter—Misses Maude Tobin, Margaret Connell, Leonora Hornung, Miller. From Your Lover—Misses Mary Smith, Selina McKinty, Mary Cassidy, Miller. Day in Provence—Misses Grace Maley, Mary McGinty, Martha Boyle, and Mary Dempsey. Hallowed Be Thy Name—Miss Frances Kennedy and little Genevieve and Helen Barry and Jeannette Powers. Diana—Miss Elizabeth Kelly. Gleaners—Misses Mary McGinty, B. Dempsey, Susie Foley and Grace Maley. Erin—Miss Martha Boyle, with song. Washed Ashore—Misses F. Robb, F. Kennedy, D. O'Donnell, S. McKinty. Wayside Cross—Misses M. Smith, Susie Foley, B. Dempsey, L. Hornung. Rock of Ages—Miss Mary Barry. Dutch Flower Girls—Misses Mary Cassidy, Susie Foley, B. Dempsey and Mary McGinty. Early Martyrs—Misses F. Robb, S. McKinty, F. Kennedy, Mary Cassidy. Endymion—Misses F. Robb, M. Cassidy, S. McKinty, F. Kennedy. Love's Messenger—Miss Elizabeth Kelly.

The entertainment closed with the "Carnival of Venice," all the pictures posing as the curtain raised on the Goddess of Liberty, impersonated by Miss Margaret Barry.

OBITUARY.

MR. MARTIN HICKEY.

Chicago has lost a good citizen and Ireland a faithful friend in the death of Mr. Martin Hickey, which occurred on Oct. 19, at his residence, No. 937 South Ashland avenue. Mr. Hickey was born in the parish of Kilcash, County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1842, and came to the United States when a young man. He was, for twenty-three years, a trusted, and valued, employe of the West Chicago City Railway company, and he is greatly lamented by his employers, as well as by his family and friends. He leaves his widow and one daughter, Miss Maggie Hickey, to mourn his untimely death. The funeral occurred on the morning of the 21st inst. from the house to St. Pius church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. F. S. Hennesberry and his assistant clergymen. A large funeral cortege escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest. The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: Capt. John P. Coan, John Foley, Thomas Maher, Michael Treahy, Francis Quinn and David McGann. Mr. Hickey was a member of St. Pius Court, No. 4, Catholic Order of Foresters; Columbia Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion and the Married Men's Sodality of St. Pius parish. Requiescat in pace.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE '98 CENTENNIAL.

Its Celebration in Ireland, and by the Irish Everywhere, Applauded by an English Democratic Journal, Having a Circulation of Half a Million, at Least.

The Irish National Spirit Warmly Upheld, and the Religious Fanaticism of the Orange Leaders Sternly Rebuked —Orangemen Tools of Tory Landlords.

(*Reynolds' Newspaper, Oct. 17.*)

The whole Irish world is now in a ferment with preparations for the celebration next year of the centenary of the great Irish Rebellion of of 1798. In Ireland, England, America and Australia, wherever two or three of the much-dispersed Irish are gathered together, plans are being concerted for proclaiming to the world the indestructibility of the Irish national idea. The wonderful tenacity of the Irish to this notion of nationhood through all the changing centuries is only equalled in firmness by the clinging amid adversity and persecution and dispersal of the Jews to their religions and racial brotherhood. Such a phenomenon as this is not to be scoffed at by the shallow or put aside by the "superior" blockhead. It is a great fact which statesmen, whether they like it or not, will have to face.

It will be peculiarly appropriate to the occasion if the plutocratic government now in power succeed in giving Ireland a liberal measure of county government, as they have promised. But plutocratic promises, unfortunately, as we have too often sady experienced, are made to be broken. Strange failure of English rule in Ireland that at the close of a century from the Union Ireland is as politically discontented as ever, and that all England can point to as the result of her rulership is a depopulated country and a famine-stricken people.

Some attempts are being made by fanatics like Mr. William Johnston, M. P., to stimulate the government to suppress the celebration. There was a time when the Ulster Protestants would have spurned with indignation the idea that their representatives should be the mere voting cattle of an English party. The Ulster Protestant volunteers demanded the independence of Ireland. Some of the flower of the Presbyterians of Ulster died on the scaffold as leaders of the Irish Rebellion against English domination and exploitation. The Plunkets, Dillons, Aylmers, Brabazons, Fitzgeralds, Lord Bristol, the patriotic Bishop of Derry, were eager rebels. How could it be otherwise? Between 1715 and 1732, England having prohibited the Irish woollen trade, and having enforced, with characteristic ferocity, the test acts, 20,000 Ulster Presbyterians were compelled to leave their homes. At a later period, in consequence of the infamous evictions of Lord Donegal in Antrim, 30,000 Protestants left Ulster for America. So wicked was the conduct of the Irish landlords, that Henry VIII.—no very tolerant or considerate personage—confiscated the estates of the absentee landlords, and in 1779 an absentee tax of 4s. in the pound was proposed by the Irish Protestant Parliament.

How William III. would smile at the toast of his "glorious, pious and immortal memory." William was about the only really liberal monarch this country has had, and on that account he was detested by the English Tories, who were all in favor of James II., whom the Ulster Protestants drove back from the walls of Derry and vanquished at the Boyne. Time was when the Roman Catholic bishops and priests of Derry walked in procession with the apprentice boys in memory of the gallant defence of that historic town. Now it has been degraded into a party and "religious" triumph.

The Orangemen of Ulster are a sturdy and independent race; but they are ignorant. They do not read; many of them do not think. They live on a few phrases. They are befooled into acting as the agents of the landlords and capitalists, and certainly in many respects they deserve no better fate than to be the ministers of their own destruction. There is no doubt that, in political intelligence, the Orange workmen are behind the rest of the kingdom. Everywhere but in Ulster the working men are combining for their own interests. They do not care a fig for Tory or Liberal, except in so far as it suits their particular objects. The representatives of Orange Ulster in the house of commons never take the slightest interest in any question affecting the people, unless it be for their good, and then they vote against any proposal in that direction. What record of work done for the Irish Protestant artisans and farmers have wealthy ranters like the Warrings and Sandersons, or a commonplace, if honest, creature like Johnston of Ballykilbeg to show?

The Irish classes are simply making use of the Irish masses. The landlords and capitalists of Ireland have manipulated the Orangemen solely for their own selfish ends. Has not the time come when the workingmen of Ulster, instead of following tamely at the heels of their natural enemies, should form a working-class party with representatives of their own in parliament and on all the local boards? Have the Orangemen forgotten the history of landlordism in Ulster and the historic struggle for tenant right? The Irish Society, which is a committee of the corrupt Tory corporation of the city of London, annually drains from Ulster some £50,000, to be spent mostly in feasting in London. No wonder the corporation of the square mile of London called "the city," is opposed to granting the people of Ulster and the rest of Ireland control of their own affairs. Given Home Rule, the people of Derry would very soon insist that the trust estates held by the corporation of London should be restored to the people of Ulster.

A century ago the Ulster Protestants enrolled themselves as a volunteer force to resist the perpetual oppressions and exactions of England. A large number of the most intelligent Irish Protestants are Home Rulers; and when the Ulster Protestant escapes from the atmosphere of bigotry, which the landlords, for their own purposes, have created in the North of Ireland, he becomes convinced that the English parliament, over-burdened with work, is unable to attend properly to the affairs of Ireland, and that Ireland in consequence remains poor and subservient.

Is it too much to expect from the northern men a return to common sense? Have they no one capable of persuading them that their own interest and not that of the landlords and capitalists, should be the first consideration? Why should the Orange society not be turned into a great industrial organization? The Orangemen sometimes remind us of a set of people who have been dead for centuries, and in the thin air are still battling with the ghosts of the long-ago controversies raging around Pope and Protestantism, persecution and Puritanism, and the rest of the phrases with which, in the name of "religion," drenched the world with blood, and left a lasting heritage of hatred among mankind. Neither king nor priest shall tyrannize over us again. Our stout hearts, strong right arms, and, above all, the printing press and popular education, have destroyed forever the possibility of oppression, either on the part of monarchs or churches. Why, then, do the Orangemen keep up the silly feud?

Would that the Orangemen of Ireland could respond at this juncture to the burning words of their Protestant fellow-countryman, J. K. Ingram:

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here today.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light.
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-eight.

That will be the sentiment inspiring some twenty-five millions of Irish people throughout the world in this coming year. It will be unfelt by some half million of people living in Ireland, but without a country.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Eachtra Bhodaigh an Chota Lachtna.
(The Adventures of the Churl of the Gray Coat)

Lá aonaigh agus oireachtais do comóradh le seacht gcatha na Féinne agus le seacht gcatha na gnáth Fhéinne, ag Beann Eadair mhic Eadghoithe; sdil d'á dtugadar ar muir agus ar mór-fhairrge, go bhfacadar an long luchtmhar lán ádhbhúil leabharthéadach 'san lán réim seoil 'san bhfairrge anoir gach lán-direach ar gaothruagh i dtimchioll na seolchrann; agus ar dteacht i dtir do'n leing lán-fharrsaing sin, agus ar leagan a seolta, an tan do shíleadar Fianna Eirionn an iomad slóigh agus seobhraide do theacht aisti, ni fhacadar ag teacht i dtir acht aon ghaisgidheach amháin: neach ba mhó de mhíleadhaibh agus ba léidre de laochaibh agus dob' áilne de'n drong dsonda doineanda; agus is amhlaidh do bhi an righmhileadh sin agus clogad cómhdhaingean cruadh fá n-a cheann agus luithreach liomhtha lán-mhaiseach fá n-a choim; oraoiseach oranramhar ina láimh láidir luathgheanach; claidheamh claisleathan géarfhaobhrach ar a thaobh chli, agus sgiath dhonn bhunduslach ar stuaidhleig a ghualann; agus tháinig do léthair Fiann mhic Cumhaill agus Fianna Eirionn ar an inneall agus ar an dóith sin.

Is insin do labhair Fionn mac Cumhaill, árd righ na Féinne leis an gaisgidheach gniomhdachtach sin, agus is é a dubhairt,—"Cá taobh ar ghaibh tá 'na ar gcionn, a mhacoimh, no cia thú féin d'fholaibh uaisle no anuaisle an domhain?" "Mise Caol an farrsainn, mac riogh na Tessalle (Thessaly)," ar se, "agus an méid do chriosbhius do'n chruinne nior fhágas iath, inse, no oiléan ó d' fhág me mo chrioch féin mo léimbe go seiche so; agus is é is mian dom cróin agus árd chios na criche so bheith agam mar an gcéadna. Ar sloighedh daoine agus ulreasbhaidh Féinne agus oglaoch do thabhairt ar sheacht geatha na Féinne agus ar sheacht geatha na gnáth Fhéinne agus is i sin mo thoisg do'n gerioch so do'n dul so." "Dar gan amhras," ar Conán Maol mallachtach, "is olc an toisg a dtángais; agus go foirbheann do rae agus do shaoghall ni chriochnóchar an turas sin leat. Agus," ar sé, "ni ghualamar laoch agus ni fhacamar riamh fear-ag teacht re mór ghniomh ar bith go h-Eirinn ná fághadh fear d'á chlodh ann." "Ni bhfuil acht brigh beag agamsa in do bhriathar-sa, a Chonáin," ar Caol an Iarrainn: "agus dá mbeith a bhfuair bás le seacht mbliadhna do na Fiannaibh i gcionn a maireas diobh de láthair do dhéanfainnse bron bás agus beagshaoghail d'imirt orra uile i naon lo."

(LE SHEITH LEANTA).

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THE REGIMENT OF BURKE.

(Father O'Rourke's song, from "Spanish John," in Harper's Magazine for October.)

There's a whirring noise across the night,
The "Wild Geese" are awing;
Wide over seas they take their flight,
Nor will they come with spring.
Blow high, blow low, come fair, come foul,
No danger will they shirk
Till they doff their gray for the blue and the buff
Of the regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
Have echoed to our name!
The burning suns of Africa
Have set our arms aflame!
But tonight we toast the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat Prince Eugene at Cremona!

Would you read your name on Honor's Roll?
Look not for royal grant;
It is written in Cassano,
Alcoy, and Alicante,
Saragossa, Barcelona;
Wherever dangers lurk
You will find in the van the blue and the buff
Of the regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
Have echoed to our name!
The burning suns of Africa
Have set our arms aflame!
But tonight we toast the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat Prince Eugene at Cremona!

Here's health to every gentleman
Who follows in our train!
Here's health to every lass who waits
Till we return again!
Here's confusion to the foreign horde!
Until their knavish work
Is stopped by the sight of the blue and the buff
Of the Regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
Have echoed to our name!
The burning suns of Africa
Have set our arms aflame!
But tonight we toast the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat Prince Eugene at Cremona!

[NOTE—This is the same regiment that heroically defended the old castle at the battle of Aughrim, July 12, 1691, under the command of Colonel Walter Burke, who also led it at Cremona in 1702.]

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 21, A. O. H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, By the decree of Divine Providence the angel of death has summoned from among us one of our most loyal members, in the person of Brother William Phealan, and while bowing to the divine will, we deplore the irreparable loss of our departed brother, and

WHEREAS, We recognize that in his death we have lost a member who devoted his life to the cause of Hibernianism, whose heart ever burned with an undying love for the land that bore him as well as the land of his adoption, whose honesty in his dealings with his fellow-men was only surpassed by reverence for his church; whose entire career stamped him as a sterling Hibernian and a faithful Catholic: therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Div. 21, A. O. H., most respectfully and sincerely tender to the sorrowing family of our deceased brother our most heartfelt sympathy in their hour of affliction and bereavement with the hope that reconciliation to the holy will of God will enable them to bear their loss, till all meet in the happy home above; and be it further

Resolved, That as a token of respect to our departed brother, our president cause the colors of Div. 21 to be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; that a copy be spread on the records of Div. 21; that a copy be forwarded to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN and the New World for publication.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be transmitted, under seal, to the family of our deceased brother.

OWEN GRAHAM,
PATRICK STENSON,
GEORGE O'BRIEN,
Committee on Resolutions.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Office of the Chicago and Alaska Mining Company.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Chicago Hard Copper Company, held at 910 Ashland Block, Chicago, on the 12th day of September, 1896, it was decided, by a unanimous vote, to change the name of said corporation to the Chicago and Alaska Mining Company and to enlarge the object of said corporation, and that the certificates of such change have been filed in the office of the Secretary of State and in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in the County of Cook, as provided by law.

Oct. 25, 1897.

P. L. McKINNIE, President.
JOHN MOFFITT, Secretary.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 322 REAPER BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JULIA ENRIGHT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Julia Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1897, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 22, 1897.

JOHN S. ENRIGHT,
CATHERINE CASEY,
MICHAEL E. ENRIGHT,
Executors.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executors.

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TELEPHONE MAIN 4224. CHICAGO.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
27 North Clark Street, Room 14.
Residence 225 Osgood Street.
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THE CLOCK WINDER.

A NEW YORK MAN WHO MAKES HIS LIVING AT THIS CALLING.

Whims of Some of His Patrons Whose Timepieces He Looks After—Mystery of the Clock That Would Not Go on Friday. Twenty Clocks In One House.

Clock winding seems a simple enough task to be performed by owners for their respective timepieces, but there are many people who find it sufficiently burdensome to make them delegate it to some one else. Hence has arisen the profession of clock winder, which as yet claims probably fewer members than any other calling in the city. For some years jewelers have attended to the repairing of clocks which they sold and have even looked after the winding where this was especially desired, but they never tried to obtain this kind of business, and it was done merely as an accommodation to their customers. Now there is at least one man in New York—there may be more, though not many—whose only occupation is the winding, regulating and occasional cleaning of clocks for numerous families. He makes daily rounds so as to cover his entire route, but he never visits the same house oftener than once a week. On that day his coming is expected, and he has free access to all the rooms, whether they are occupied at the time or not. Through the various halls and apartments he goes, from the top of the house to the bottom, winding the clocks and giving a touch here and there to a regulator where he finds it necessary. Of course he does not pay any attention to the little nickel alarm clocks, which run for only one day. His care, being given weekly, is spent upon the eight day clocks of more expensive design and workmanship.

The clock winder whom The Tribune reporter saw had several stories to tell about the pursuit of his occupation. "Some people are very particular about the striking of their clocks," he said. "They will ask me if I can't arrange to have all the timepieces in the house strike together. Now, as a general thing, that is an impossibility, and I'll tell you why. Some clocks are arranged to strike just half a minute before the hour, some for a quarter of a minute before, some for a few seconds after the hour and so on. You see if I fixed them so that they would strike together they would not be exactly together in point of actual time, which is more important. In one house on my list the family owns 20 clocks. Of these I suppose 5 or 6—perhaps more—strike in unison, and the others all within a minute. My orders in this house are to have all the clocks except one at precisely the correct time. This odd one is the timepiece in the bedroom of the mistress of the house, and she wishes it kept three minutes fast. I think that is the only instance among my customers of anybody who wants a clock perpetually fast, and I am very certain there is no one who asks me to keep one slow.

"When I undertake the care of the clocks in a house, nobody else is allowed to touch them, and the servants in particular have orders never to move or interfere with them in any way. Sometimes this is done accidentally, and it is hard to find out how the clock has been injured. A few months ago I lost one of my best houses because there was one clock which I could not seem to put in proper order. I would take it away, clean it thoroughly and look to every smallest part of the mechanism. Apparently it made no difference. The clock positively refused to run right. Finally I gave it up, and that family had a mighty poor opinion of my abilities as a clock repairer.

"Some weeks after that I came across a clock in another house which acted in exactly the same way. I was puzzled for awhile. Finally I noticed that it always stopped on Fridays. That was queerer than ever, until by chance I hit upon the solution of the mystery. The servant, while dusting the room on that day, was in the habit of passing her cloth along the mantle under the clock. This would have made no difference with many timepieces, but this one had an open bottom, through which the tip of the pendulum projected. The dusting cloth just touched this enough to stop it. The girl did not know what she had done, and thus the family were mystified anew each week by finding that the clock would not go on Friday.

"I clean all my clocks regularly once in two years, and in that way keep them in proper running order. Most people think that it is just as well to let a clock run until it stops, fairly clogged up with dirt, but that isn't so. By that time it may be so bad that it will be impossible ever to make it run as accurately as it did before.

"I am usually paid by the month to take entire charge of all the clocks in a house, it being understood that I make weekly visits. Sometimes, though, I am employed by the year. In the case of the house I was telling you of, where they have 20 clocks, they pay me $100 annually for the work. It takes a good deal of my time in the course of 12 months, and I don't fill my pockets as fast as some folks seem to think I ought," concluded the clock winder with a smile.—New York Tribune.

Scarcity of Material.

"The Rev. Mr. Jingle is running his mission in regular vaudeville style. Had a pie eating match there on Monday, and last night he offered a prize to the mother who would wash the greatest number of boys' faces in the shortest time. It was a dead failure."

"What was the trouble?"

"Couldn't get the boys."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Antenuptial Antics.

"Do you think they are married?"

"No, they're only engaged. She looked pleased when he burned her hand with his lighted cigar."—Detroit Free Press.

IS GALLANTRY LANGUISHING?

Observations on the Decline of Street Car Manners In the South.

It cannot be concealed that there is a growing tendency, even in the south, where masculine gallantry has held out longest, on the part of men to let women in the street cars shift for themselves. It has not come to that point yet, but the movement is growing in that direction.

It is a fact that men are rapidly failing in the courtesy which was once uniformly shown to women, and the reason, to a large extent, is that men are meeting women as competitors in all fields of labor, and this fact vastly changes the social relations between the sexes. Women are claiming all sorts of equality with men, moral, political and physical, and are declaring more and more their independence. The effect on the next generation will be very marked and peculiar. The men and women of the present are affected to an overpowering extent by the influence of old ideas and training, and that is the reason they talk about street car manners and social ethics in their relations to the sexes, but in the year 1930, or the period of one generation from the present time, people will no longer concern themselves about such matters.

The greater the number of women at work in proportion to the men the more stringent the competition, and it can easily be seen that, according to the figures shown, the day might come when there would be no street car manners, but every individual would look out for himself or herself, as the case may be. But even should chivalry be extinguished from human manners there will always remain the Christian grace of charity, so in the time to come able-bodied young men and women who have seats in the cars will rise to give their places to old men and women and to others who may be sick or disabled.—New Orleans Picayune.

ALL THE OX UTILIZED.

Every Particle Put to Use—Only Its Dying Breath Lost.

In an article on the "Wonders of the World's Waste," William George Jordan, in The Ladies' Home Journal, details how science at the present day utilizes the ox. "Not many years ago," he says, "when an ox was slaughtered 40 per cent of the animal was wasted. At the present time 'nothing is lost but its dying breath.' As but one-third of the weight of the animal consists of products that can be eaten, the question of utilizing the waste is a serious one. The blood is used in refining sugar and in sizing paper or manufactured into doorknobs and buttons. The hide goes to the tanner; horns and hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons; thigh bones, worth $50 per ton, are cut into handles for clothesbrushes; fore leg bones sell for $30 per ton for collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry; the water in which bones are boiled is reduced to glue; the dust from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry; the smallest bones are made into boneblack. Each foot yields a quarter of a pint of neatsfoot oil; the tail goes to the "soup," while the brush of hair at the end of the tail is sold to the mattress maker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestines are used for sausage casings or bought by gold beaters. The undigested food in the stomach, which formerly cost the packers of Chicago $30,000 a year to remove and destroy, is now made into paper. These are but a few of the produots of abattoirs. All scraps unfit for any other use find welcome in the glue pot, or they do missionary work for farmers by acting as fertilizers."

Pa's Prayers.

Once upon a time sickness came to the family of the poorly paid pastor of a country church, says the Omaha World-Herald. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yep, brought his prayers, an they're out in the wagon. Just help me, an we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

Her Sphere.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism"—

"What are your natural inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty."

"Woman, you're born to be a milliner."—London Fun.

Too Weak to Hold It.

Charles—Uncle, I want you to try this limburger. It was imported all the way from Germany, each pound carefully wrapped in tinfoil.

Uncle Josh—Gosh! Air you sure they didn't have to do it up in b'iler iron?—Indianapolis Journal.

There is a species of pine tree which grows in California and is known as the giant pine which is the largest of the pine genus, often rising to a height of 200 feet, with a trunk 20 to 30 feet in girth.

SOME ONE MIGHT HEAR.

I breathed my vows one evening
Unto my love so fair.
Her tresses brushed my forehead
As I leaned above her chair.
I saw her burning blushes
As I whispered in her ear,
But, oh, she would not answer!
Said she, "Some one might hear!"

I grasped her hand and pressed it
All fondly in mine own
And told her that her image
Was set on memory's throne.
I vowed I loved her truly,
That she to me was dear,
But, oh, no answer got I
Save she feared "some one might hear!"

I scouted at her caution.
My breath did fan her cheek.
I implored in fervent language
That she to me would speak.
I saw her with emotion
Wipe from her eye a tear,
Yet still she softly murmured,
"Suppose some one should hear!"

My hopes began to vanish.
My tears commenced to flow.
And to hide from her my weakness
I turned away to go,
When I heard a trembling whisper
Fall softly on my ear,
"Oh, yes, I fondly love you,
And I care not who may hear!"
—Finley Johnson in New York Ledger.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

The Huckster Was Called Up Four Flights to Hear Something.

A huckster was going along an east side street early one morning making the welkin ring with his singsong of "Po-ta-t-o-o-o-es, toma-t-o-o-es! Nice sweet cooking appoals!" As he drove slowly along he lifted his eyes to the windows on either side of the street.

Suddenly there appeared a woman's head at a window in one of the top flats. The huckster pulled in his horse and raised his ear to listen to the commands he expected would be coming, but the woman had not the lung power to make her voice carry so far, and the huckster called out, "How's that?"

Again the woman called, and her voice came down faintly. The huckster didn't know whether she wanted potatoes, cantaloupes, tomatoes or corn. So he marked the fourth flat from the corner and motioned that he would drive around to the alley. The woman was there waiting for him and called out once more, but he couldn't understand her.

Gathering a handful of samples of various vegetables from his stock, he mounted four flights of back stairs and arrived at the top panting. The woman stood there awaiting his coming.

"Couldn't hear what you said, lady," said the huckster. "So I brought up some of each kind an you can pick what you want an I'll go down an get 'em."

"Want?" said the woman, who was in a towering rage. "Want? I don't want none of your old vegetables. What I want is for you to stop hollerin in front of this house, or I'll have you arrested. You're enough to wake the dead. My husband works all night, and he's just got into a little doze, and goodness knows it's hard enough to sleep daytimes without a fiend like you standing in front of the house yelling like a Comanche. Now you get out of here and don't you holler no more or I'll get the police after you!"

The huckster stood with set eyes and drooping jaw, the perspiration dropping off his chin, while this harangue was going on. When she had finished, he came out of his trance and said:

"Is that what you called me all the way up here for? Send fer yer p'lice, lady! I'm goin to yell to beat the band." And he went down the stairs and out of the alley and up the street in front of the house with four extra links let out of his throat, and if any person slept on that street it was under the influence of opiates.—Kansas City Star.

Toymaking.

A great many toys are now made in this country, including many mechanical devices. Many toys are still imported. Such things as woolly sheep and dogs, now as highly prized by children as ever, come from Germany, as do the skin covered horses. They could be made here, but they can be produced cheaper abroad.

As a rule, whatever can be made by machinery is made here, while toys made by hand are mostly imported. The minute a thing is brought within the reach of machinery American manufacturers can pay their higher prices for labor and still beat the world. With the low prices of labor in foreign countries handmade productions can be made cheaper in them. As a result of this there are toys of some kinds which in their completed state are partly American and partly foreign. Among these are toy vehicles with horses attached. The vehicles and everything in and about them may be the product of American machinery, while the horse standing between the shafts may be from Germany.—New York Sun.

Mr. Goodfellow's Generosity.

Mrs. Closeman—My dear, what a paragon that husband of yours is! I never meet him in the car but he insists upon paying my fare, and if there is a party of us he pays for every one, men and all. So generous! Nothing will prevent him.

Mrs. Goodfellow (with a sigh)—No, nothing will prevent him, even if it takes all my housekeeping money and the money I need for a new gown.—New York Times.

Testing His Condition.

"Your wife is literary, isn't she?"

"I should say so. When I come home late at night, she makes me say, 'Review of Reviews,' five times, as fast as I can get it off."—Chicago Record.

A French professor is the owner of a collection of 920 human heads, representing every known race of people on the globe.

The archbishop of Canterbury receives £15,000 a year and the archbishops of York and London each receive £10,000.

SLEIGHBELLS.

As Commonly Used as Ever—Some Changes In Customs.

The sleighbells used in this country are made here, most of them in Connecticut, and many sleighbells of American manufacture are exported to Germany and to Russia. Sleighbells are as commonly used as ever whenever there is snow enough to make good sleighing. They may not be heard so much as formerly here in the city, where the snow is cleared away from many streets and wheels cut up what is left, but up the state and elsewhere the sleighbells jingle in winter just as merrily as ever.

There have been some changes in sleighbell customs. Shaft bells and bells fixed on the saddle of the harness have to some extent taken the place of the old time string of bells on straps, but the strings of bells are still the more commonly used. Probably a third of the bell outfits sold nowadays are of the kind that fasten to shafts or the saddle of the harness and two-thirds are strings of bells. The bells exported are in about the same proportions. The bells attached to shafts and harness are open mouthed and provided with tongues. Some shaft bells are made with all three in a set alike; oftener they are made in three sizes, forming a chime. The three bells carried over the saddle of the harness are set in an ornamental frame, which is supported by the saddle.

The sleighbells of the old, familiar kind, round, with balls inside, are attached to straps, as they have always been, to body straps encircling the horse's body, and to neck straps.

Sleighbells are made of bell metal, and they were never made with such care with a view to their sound producing qualities, nor were they ever so musical, as now. The commoner kinds of sleighbells are produced at a very small cost, and whole strings of bells are sold at prices that seem marvelously low. Shaft bells of the commoner kinds are cheaper yet, and that accounts in some measure for the increased sales of shaft bells.

The question has often been asked, and as often answered, How does the ball get inside of the sleighbell? The question is here again answered. Of course the ball itself is first cast. It is then placed inside the ball of sand that is to form the core of the mold in which the sleighbell is to be cast. The mold is of the form and size of the outside of the sleighbell. The core almost fills the interior of the mold, but not quite. There is left all around, between it and the mold, a little space. Into this space the molten metal is poured, and when it hardens it is a hollow globe of metal, with the mold outside and the core inside. When the sleighbell is taken from the mold, the sand of which the core is composed, having been dried out by the heat of the molten metal, can easily be shaken out of the bell through its narrow mouth, but the ball which has been placed in the sand before the bell was cast is bigger than the mouth of the bell that now surrounds it, and so it has to stay in.—New York Sun.

Sheridan In Battle.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant" in The Century, says of Sheridan at Appomattox: No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without a sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self reliant, demonstrating by his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute," fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battlefield. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of Cæsar's Tenth legion. Wherever blows fell thickest there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again, and he would not pause till the folds of his banner waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now, his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding Rienzi through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of or heroic deeds are honored the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talismanic name of Sheridan.

Take Care of Yourself.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it. Wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will have in this world. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that govern it, the pains and penalty that will surely follow a violation of every law of life and health.—Medical Reporter.

Asked Too Much.

Yes, we had to let that nursegirl go. She was recommended as being thoroughly up to date, but she seemed to us to be more than that. The first thing she did was to demand pneumatic tires for the baby carriage, and we promptly got them. However, we felt that it was time to draw the line when she insisted that we must hire a man to keep them pumped up.—Chicago Post.

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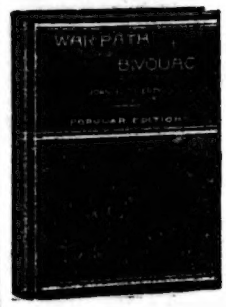

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SOME DAY.

Come, sit with me, love, in the gleaming
Of the firelight's flicker and flare!
Together we'll drift in our dreaming
Away from the trouble and care,
And the present with all its sorrow
Forgotten tonight shall lie
As we talk of the glad tomorrow
And the some day by and by,

Of the day of our hopes, belated,
When I win from the world a name,
And my thought ship's decks are freighted
With honor and gold and fame.
And all that is brightest and clearest
In the wealth of the world's supply
I'll bring to your feet, my dearest,
In the some day by and by.

By blossom and bloom surrounded
Our own little nest shall stand,
The castle in clouds we founded,
The home that our hearts have planned,
Where never a shade of sadness
Shall darken our sunset sky,
And life shall be joy and gladness
In the some day by and by.

But if of our dear dream stories
No tale of them all come true,
And the sky of our grandest glories
The tempest shall hide from view,
Then, facing it, dear, together,
With never a tear or sigh,
We'll wait for the clearing weather
And the some day by and by.
—Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE STYLE OF ALDERMEN.

People Who Do Address Them as "The Honorable" In Spite of Webster.

In none of the "ready letter writers" are directions given as to the prefix which it is proper to put before the name of an alderman, and it is for this reason perhaps that a controversy has recently arisen. One of the disputants says:

"When writing to a member of the board of aldermen or a commissioner in one of the city departments, it is high-falutin, I think, to address him with the prefix 'Hon.'" In proof of the correctness of this view of the case this correspondent invokes the testimony of Webster, the dictionary compiler, who said of the use of "the honorable:"

"An American usage. It is a title of courtesy merely, bestowed upon those who hold or have held higher public offices, especially governors, judges, members of congress or of the senate and mayors."

Webster was born in Connecticut in 1758 and died in the same state in 1843, long before the establishment, as such, of the present New York board of aldermen and at a time when that body was generally known as the common council, and any opinions which he may have expressed in his dictionary or any views which he may have entertained personally on the subject of honorary titles in use in the United States could have no especial bearing upon the case of the New York aldermen, whose fame as legislators has now spread to confines where the name of Webster is quite unknown.

The title alderman is derived from the Saxon word "ealdorman," otherwise elderman or elder. It was a title of honor in early days in England, and the elderman or alderman was a local functionary responding somewhat to the present justice of the peace. In England the alderman was usually a judge, but afterward the office came to be an elective one, and from the English word has come the American title alderman so valiantly upheld by the aldermen of New York, who insist upon a full share of all political honors, perquisites, privileges, rights, advantages and immunities, and he would be a courageous man indeed who would omit from the designation of an alderman (especially an alderman recently elected) the title "the honorable." The legal duties of aldermen are so few, their exercise is so carefully guarded by acts of the legislature, that it is necessary, so to speak, for the aldermen to find, if the expression may be used without offense, work for themselves. Accordingly from time to time resolutions are passed by the board taking the form of ordinances which by tacit agreement among the members it is arranged shall not be acted upon unless the alderman of the district in which the applicant or applicants reside assents to action. In this way the powers of an alderman in a district are very considerably enhanced, and in such cases the petitioner, realizing the full force and importance of the alderman's office, is glad of the opportunity to address him as "the honorable," and realizes the futility of another course.—New York Sun.

Leipsic.

Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, in an article in the New York Independent on "Plain Life and High Thought" as exemplified at Leipsic university, says:

Leipsic is one of the great flower marts of Europe. It is a joysome sight to go through the early morning market and see the flowers of all kinds in masses beyond conception. There is no student so poor that he cannot add to the beauty of his room the charm of a flower when for 2 cents he can have a big bunch of mignonette. This very morning the expenditure of 24 cents gave one literally an armful of mignonette, large and fragrant; forgetmenots, bluer than the sky of rather gray Leipsic; great golden buttercups like those that grow on the upland meadows of the Rigi; kornblumen, the old emperor's favorite flower, and lilies of the valley in profusion. Plain living, amid flowers, with music, nature and friendship at command, may easily lead to high thinking, and the student who is here to strive for acquirement of truth may well scorn the trappings of wealth, since wealth is not needed to command the highest and best.

On the High C's.

Ellen Beach Yaw, the phenomenal soprano, went on a yachting cruise recently in southern California. The waves grew high, and she soon took to her berth. One of her friends, going to inquire how she was progressing, heard her humming a lullaby in a most peculiar tone of voice. Her maid came to the door and explained that Miss Yaw was sick. "But she is singing," the visitor exclaimed. "Yes, I know," answered the maid, "but Miss Yaw moans in tune that way so it won't disturb any one else."—Kansas City Journal.

The omnibuses of one London company cover just about 20,000,000 miles in the course of a year—half as much as is covered by the trains of the London and Northwestern railway—a distance sufficient to take them nearly three times around the world every day.

A HARVEST OF HUMAN HAIR.

Millions of Pounds Every Year Get Tangled Up In Commerce.

Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many when it is stated that the dealers in human hair goods do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest that can always be relied upon. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women. In New York city alone over four tons of this class of goods are imported yearly.

"Not a little of the hair used in this country," said a New York dealer to the writer, "comes from the heads of American women, and it is fully as fine in shade and texture as the imported article. We had a big harvest during the craze that the fair sex had not long ago for having their hair cut short. Many thousands of women who then had their locks sheared have since bitterly regretted it, as in many instances their hair has grown so slowly that they have been compelled to wear a wig or a switch since the fashion changed. After the majority of women reach the age of 30 the hair seems to partially lose its vigor, and if cut it will not grow long again.

"Two-thirds of the ladies nowadays use false hair more or less. The decree of fashion, or the desire to conceal a defect or heighten a charm, is the reason of course. One woman, for instance, has a high forehead and wishes to reduce it in appearance. Another has worn off the front hair by continued frizzing and would like to conceal the fact. Both make use of a front or top piece, with a choice of many styles.

"Ladies' wigs cost from $20 to $200; half wigs, top pieces and switches from $10 to $50, according to quality.

"The largest supply of hair comes from Switzerland, Germany and the French provinces. There is a human hair market in Merlans, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, held every Friday. Hundreds of hair traders walk up and down the one street of the village, their shears dangling from their belts, and inspect the braids which the peasant girls, standing on the steps of the houses, let down for inspection. If a bargain is struck, the hair is cut and the money paid on the spot, the price varying from 60 cents to $5 in our money.

"A woman's hair may grow to the length of 6 feet, and I know a lady who has been offered and refused $500 for her crown of glory, which is over 6 feet long. A single female hair will bear up a weight of four ounces without breaking, but the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for blond hair breaks under a strain of 2½ ounces. There are some 2,000 importers, manufacturers and dealers in human hair in the United States.—Washington Star.

Valorous Cows.

The editor of the Condon (Or.) Globe saw a deed of cow valor that was worth recording as well as seeing. A herd of cattle, and among them two cows, accompanied by their calves, were grazing in tall dead grass when the calves became separated a little from the rest of the herd.

Just then two huge, hungry coyotes crept up through the grass, cut off the calves from the rest of the cattle and started in pursuit of them. After running about 200 yards the calves came to a high, five wire, barbed wire fence, and, being small, managed to get through it. On the other side of the fence was an open pasture.

The wolves quickly followed the calves through the fence and were rapidly running them down on the other side, when the two cow mothers discovered what was going on. Each uttered a loud bellow, hoisted her tail and started for the rescue.

It appeared to be a hopeless chase, for the wire fence intervened, and the cows were certainly much too large to get through it. They knew well enough that it was there, and could, besides, see it plainly, but both cows plunged together straight into it.

The watching editor, horrified, looked to see them hurled back, frightfully wounded, but instead one of the posts gave way under the onslaught, the wires sank down, and in another moment the mothers were on the pasture side of the fence, badly cut and bleeding, but still able to charge the wolves successfully and put them to flight.

Soon the cows were licking the rescued calves affectionately, and the coyotes were howling a disappointed duet from the summit of a knoll near by.

Cat Baskets.

Cat baskets are made especially for the convenient carrying of cats in traveling, and they are also used to some extent for small dogs. Those of American manufacture are made of whole willow and are oblong in shape. Cat baskets imported from Germany are rather more costly, and are made of split willow. The German cat basket is oval in form, made larger at the top than at the bottom, and with the top finished rounding. There is in the side of the basket a grated door of willow rods, which opens on hinges and gives the cat light and air. In each end of the basket, higher up than the door, there is a small square window.

Cat baskets are made in various sizes, and in the course of a year there are sold a considerable number of them.—New York Sun.

Perhaps She Came Down Too.

She—So you are engaged to Miss Spry?

He—Yes, but it's a big come down for me.

She—Why, I thought she was such a sweet girl.

He—She is, but she rooms on the first floor and I'm on the eighth.—New York Journal.

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Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

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Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1239, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 235 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley ave.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

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Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, Miles McFadden, 236 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 393 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 620 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 198 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John F. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
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